

From the Prohibitionist.

THE WRECKERS.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

HARK to the roar of the surges !"
Hark to the wild wind's howl !
See the black cloud that the hurricane urges,
Bend like a maniac's scowl !
Full on the sunken lee-ledges,
Leaps the devoted barque ;
And the loud waves like a hundred sledges,
Smite to the doomed mark.

Shrilly the shriek of the seamen
Cleaves like a dart through the roar ;
Harsh as the pitiless laugh of a demon
Rattles the pebbled shore !
Ho ! for the life boat, Brothers !
Now may the hearts of the brave,
Hurling their lives to the rescue of others,
Conquer the stormy wave.

Shame ! for Humanity's treason ;
Shame to the form we wear ;
Blush, at the temple of pity and reason
Turned to a Robber's lair !
Worse than the horrible breakers,
Worse than the shattering storm,
See ! the rough-handed remorseless Wreckers,
Stripping the clay yet warm !

Plucking at Girlhood's tresses
Tangled with gems and gold ;
Snatching love-tokens from Manhood's caresses,
Clenched with a dying hold.
What of the shrieks of despairing ?
What of the last faint gasp ?
Robbers ! who lived would but lessen your shar-
ing ;
Gold ! 'twas a god in your grasp !

Boys in their sunny-brown beauty,
Men in their rugged bronze,
Women whose wail might have taught wolves
duty,
Died on the merciless stones.
Tenderly slid o'er the plundered
Shrouds from the white-capped surge ;
Loud on the traitors the mad ocean thundered,
Low o'er the lost sang a dirge !

Wo ! there are deadlier breakers,
Billows that burn as they roll,
Flank'd by a legion of crueller Wreckers,—
Wreckers of body and soul !
Traitors to God and humanity ;
Circes that hold in their urns
Blood-dripping Murder and hopeless Insanity,
Folly and Famine by turns.

Crested with wine redly flashing,
Swollen with liquid fire,
How the strong ruin comes, fearfully dashing,
High as the soul walks, and higher !

Manhood and Virtue and Beauty,
Hope and the sunny-haired Bliss,
With the diviner white Angel of Duty,
Sink in the burning abyss.

What if the soul of the Drunkard
Shrivel in quenchless flame !
What if his children by beggary conquered,
Plunge into ruin and shame ?
GOLD has come in to the Wreckers,
Murder has taken her prize,—
Gold, though a million hearts burst on the break-
ers,
Smothers the crime and the cries !

A correspondent of the *Times* in Paris says of the Zouaves :

An officer who lately passed through Paris told me that his regiment was quartered with the Zouaves for some months, and that nothing could exceed their merit as light troops. One man among them spoke excellent English, and, being questioned by my friend, informed him that he had been waiter at a London hotel for three years, but getting tired of answering "Anon, anon, Sir," he became Zouave, and was ready for anything. I see many of your contemporaries are much puzzled as to what the Zouaves really are. According to some, they are Arabs ; while others contend that they are a mixture of all nationalities. The truth is, they are simply Frenchmen, picked principally from regiments which have served in Africa, and chosen for their courage, daring, activity, and powers of endurance. Most of them have been *Gamins de Paris*, and the metal still rings as true as it did in June, '48, when the *gamins* of the *Garde Mobile* saved the capital.

The officer to whom I refer had also lately parted from your admirable correspondent in the Crimea. He had messed with his regiment for some months, and was considered as one of "ours." The chances of war had deprived him of nearly all his garments, and, when last seen, he was walking about in a Rifleman's jacket, much too small for his portly person, and his nether garments had been converted into breeches by constant scrambling among rocks and briars. However, his health was excellent, his spirits as inexhaustible and his pen as fluent and eloquent as ever.

BRITISH HOSPITALS AT CONSTANTINOPLE

FROM A CORRESPONDENT OF THE TIMES.

Scutari, Nov. 10.

Most gladly did we welcome good Miss Nightingale and her party ; and, before evening, they were all comfortably lodged and provided for. They will be invaluable in severe cases of illness,

and in any emergency. Our surgeons last night, one and all, confessed that they were of the greatest use in attending to six hundred wounded who came in during the afternoon. These were the wounded of the 5th, when the Russians gave us a hard day's fighting; but we held our own, and they lost, it is said, 10,000 men.

Miss Nightingale appears eminently qualified for the noble work she has undertaken, and I trust she may have strength to carry it out. Her labors will spare the clergy many a sad sight of men sinking for want of proper nursing, and because food cannot be administered often enough. This is impossible with only hospital orderlies; but, with the nurses, all who need will be supplied.

Mrs. and Mr. Bracebridge I welcomed as friends, and their labors of love I have long known. They are most active, and to-day I may say all are in full work.

Mr. S. G. Osborne has arrived here offering his services, and bearing credentials from Sidney Herbert. I have put into his care half of the Barrack Hospital, which to-day numbers 2,300 patients, and will have another 600 added during the day. The Hospital Proper numbers still 1,000 patients. Mr. Wright has sent for Mr. Gilburne, so that I have only Mr. Lewis here, who takes the hospital. I am, therefore, most thankful for Mr. Osborne's help. Two Roman Catholic priests are here—Messrs. Cuffe and Butt. Mr. Hallett went up to the Crimea on Sunday in the Prince, but did not come to me, or I should have detained him; but Mr. Osborne in some sort supplies his place. We require another chaplain here yet, as I have not been able to get to the hulk for a fortnight past, and there are 500 men on board here.

Mr. A. Stafford, M. P. for Northamptonshire, is here, and has volunteered to write letters for the men. They are very glad of his services; and I have seen him sitting hour after hour on the beds, most patiently writing the words which will cheer many hearts at home. Mr. Osborne's son is also engaged in the same work.

The gentlemen who are sent by *The Times* to dispose of their fund are also here, and anxious to spend the fund in the best manner. I have suggested several things to them, and will give them every assistance in helping our men. Mr. Osborne has some funds, and generally adds one or two pounds to Mr. Stafford's letter, where the wives or families at home are in need.

Lady Stratford comes and sends frequently, and has made me her almoner for jellies, pies, and soups for the officers. Miss Nightingale only takes care of the men; so Lady Stratford sends for the officers.

We much need religious books and small Common-Prayer books. My stock is exhausted, but I have Testaments still. I have distributed 1,100, and more are needed. The Bible Society in Stamboul send me any quantity of Testaments. Devotional books are much needed. The Bishop of London's *Private Devotion* is much prized; but 1,000 prayer-books would be the best gift. There must now be immense numbers here all the winter, since we now number so many, and Sebastopol not yet attacked; so any books sent out will be in time. I will not send you any list

of the killed, as my information is so incorrect at present that I may mislead. Capt. Webb, 17th Lancers, died here on Monday, after amputation of the leg.

Our soldiers are delighted with the nurses. One poor fellow burst into tears and exclaimed to me: "I can't help crying when I see them. Only think of Englishwomen coming out here to nurse us; it is so homelike and comfortable."

THE good clergyman who wrote the following letter, on renewing his subscription, must forgive us for printing it. We shall be much obliged to religious papers who exchange with us, if they will copy it. We think they will render a service to other clergymen by doing so:—

LIVING AGE.—*My well-beloved:*

Your welcome face has been seen again; and although it does not wear all the graces of fashionable beauty, and might not captivate the stickler for artistic faultlessness, there is an intelligent expression about it, which betrays the cultivated mind and the pure heart,—and these are the best of recommendations.

The memory of your former visits comes over me not as a dream, but as a reality. They did me good,—permanent good; taught me how to think and write, and gave me an acquaintance with the world I have never obtained, to an equal extent, from any other source.

I wish sincerely I was able to fill out an entire set of your weekly visitations; nor have I any idea I could devote the necessary funds to a better purpose. But I must not provoke the jealousy of a dependant wife and child, or deprive them of needed comforts, by *loving you too well*.

So much as this, however, I must do,—divide my love between them and you, for the coming year. Visit me as you used to do, with your genial and thought-stirring messages. I bid you welcome to my weary Mondays,—to my hours when cares oppress and trials thicken. Come, and let us converse together of other than parish scenes; that try the soul. Let us talk of other lands, and other men, than those immediately around us, and help me climb to fellowship with the good and wise, and to a fitness for their companionship when they may be found in living men.

PROUD.—This word is often used without any reference to the state of the mind; but simply as implying exuberance or overfulness. Thus, when springs of water are running freely, they are said to be proud; and a shower in the morning, when it is ushering in a fine day, is said to proceed from the pride of the morning.

Notes and Queries.

A nugget of ninety-eight pounds' weight has been found at Ballarat, though the diggings there were thought to be nearly exhausted.

From Household Words.

THE LOST ARCTIC VOYAGERS.

DR. RAE may be considered to have established, by the mute but solemn testimony of the relics he has brought home, that SIR JOHN FRANKLIN and his party are no more. But, there is one passage in his melancholy report, some examination into the probabilities and improbabilities of which, we hope, will tend to the consolation of those who take the nearest and dearest interest in the fate of that unfortunate expedition, by leading to the conclusion that there is no reason whatever to believe, that any of its members prolonged their existence by the dreadful expedient of eating the bodies of their dead companions. Quite apart from the very loose and unreliable nature of the Esquimaux representations (on which it would be necessary to receive with great caution even the commonest and most natural occurrence), we believe we shall show that close analogy and the mass of experience are decidedly against the reception of any such statement, and that it is in the highest degree improbable that such men as the officers and crews of the two lost ships would, or could, in any extremity of hunger, alleviate the pains of starvation by this horrible means.

Before proceeding to the discussion, we will premise that we find no fault with Dr. Rae, and that we thoroughly acquit him of any trace of blame. He has himself openly explained, that his duty demanded that he should make a faithful report, to the Hudson's Bay Company or the Admiralty, of every circumstance stated to him; that he did so, as he was bound to do, without any reservation; and that his report was made public by the Admiralty: not by him. It is quite clear that if it were an ill-considered proceeding to disseminate this painful idea on the worst of evidence, Dr. Rae is not responsible for it. It is not material to the question, that Dr. Rae believes in the alleged cannibalism; he does so merely "on the substance of information obtained at various times and various sources," which is before us all. At the same time, we will most readily concede that he has all the rights to defend his opinion which his high reputation as a skillful and intrepid traveller of great experience in the Arctic Regions — combined with his manly, conscientious, and modest personal character — can possibly invest him with. Of the propriety of his immediate return to England with the intelligence he had got together, we are fully convinced. As a man of sense and humanity, he perceived that the first and greatest account to which it could be turned, was, the prevention of the useless hazard of valuable lives; and no one could better know in how much hazard all lives are placed that follow Franklin's track, than he who had made

eight visits to the Arctic shores. With these remarks we can release Dr. Rae from this inquiry, proud of him as an Englishman, and happy in his safe return home to well-earned rest.

The following is the passage in the report to which we invite attention: "Some of the bodies had been buried (probably those of the first victims of famine); some were in a tent or tents; others under the boat, which had been turned over to form a shelter; and several lay scattered about in different directions. Of those found on the island, one was supposed to have been an officer, as he had a telescope, strapped over his shoulders, and his double-barrelled gun lay underneath him. From the mutilated state of many of the corpses and the contents of the kettles, it is evident that our wretched countrymen had been driven to the last resource — cannibalism — as a means of prolonging existence. . . . None of the Esquimaux with whom I conversed had seen the "whites," nor had they ever been at the place where the bodies were found, but had their information from those who had been there, and who had seen the party when travelling."

We have stated our belief that the extreme improbability of this inference as to the last resource, can be rested, first on close analogy, and secondly on broad general grounds, quite apart from the improbabilities and incoherences of the Esquimaux evidence: which is itself given, at the very best, at second-hand. More than this, we presume it to have been given at second-hand through an interpreter; and he was, in all probability, imperfectly acquainted with the language he translated to the white man. We believe that few (if any) Esquimaux tribes speak one common dialect; and Franklin's own experience of his interpreters in his former voyage was, that they and the Esquimaux they encountered understood each other "tolerably" — an expression which he frequently uses in his book, with the evident intention of showing that their communication was not altogether satisfactory. But, even making the very large admission that Dr. Rae's interpreter perfectly understood what he was told, there yet remains the question whether he could render it into language of corresponding weight and value. We recommend any reader who does not perceive the difficulty of doing so and the skill required, even when a copious and elegant European language is in question, to turn to the accounts of the trial of Queen Caroline, and to observe the constant discussions that arose — sometimes very important — in reference to the worth, in English, of words used by the Italian witnesses. There still remains another consideration, and a grave one, which is, that ninety-nine interpreters out of a hundred,

whether savage, half-savage, or wholly civilized, interpreting to a person of superior station and attainments, will be under a strong temptation to exaggerate. This temptation will always be strongest, precisely where the person interpreted to is seen to be the most excited and impressed by what he hears; for, in proportion as he is moved, the interpreter's importance is increased. We have ourselves had an opportunity of inquiring whether any part of this awful information, the unsatisfactory result of "various times and various sources," was conveyed by gestures. It was so, and the gesture described to us as often repeated—that of the informant setting his mouth to his own arm—would quite as well describe a man having opened one of his veins, and drunk of the stream that flowed from it. If it be inferred that the officer who lay upon his double-barrelled gun defended his life to the last against ravenous seamen, under the boat or elsewhere, and that he died in so doing, how came his body to be found? That was not eaten, or even mutilated, according to the description. Neither were the bodies, buried in the frozen earth, disturbed; and is it not likely that if any bodies were resorted to as food, those the most removed from recent life and companionship would have been the first? Was there any fuel in that desolate place for cooking "the contents of the kettles?" If none, would the little flame of the spirit-lamp the travellers *may have had* with them, have sufficed for such a purpose? If not, would the kettles have been defiled for that purpose at all? "Some of the corpses," Dr. Rae adds, in a letter to *The Times*, "had been sadly mutilated, and had been stripped by those who had the misery to survive them, and who were found wrapped in two or three suits of clothes." Had there been no bears thereabout, to mutilate those bodies; no wolves, no foxes? Most probably the scurvy, known to be the dreadfulest scourge of Europeans in those latitudes, broke out among the party. Virulent as it would inevitably be under such circumstances, it would of itself cause dreadful disfigurement—woeful mutilation—but, more than that, it would not only soon annihilate the desire to eat (especially to eat flesh of any kind), but would annihilate the power. Lastly, no man can, with any show of reason, undertake to affirm that this sad remnant of Franklin's gallant band were not set upon and slain by the Esquimaux themselves. It is impossible to form an estimate of the character of any race of savages, from their deferential behavior to the white man while he is strong. The mistake has been made again and again; and the moment the white man has appeared in the new aspect of being weaker than the savage, the savage has changed and sprung upon him. There are pious persons who, in their practice,

with a strange inconsistency, claim for every child born to civilization all innate depravity, and for every savage born to the woods and wilds all innate virtue. We believe every savage to be in his heart covetous, treacherous, and cruel; and we have yet to learn what knowledge the white man—lost, houseless, shipless, apparently forgotten by his race, plainly famine-stricken, weak, frozen, helpless, and dying—has of the gentleness of Esquimaux nature.

Leaving, as we purposed, this part of the subject with a glance, let us put a supposititious case.

If a little band of British naval officers, educated and trained exactly like the officers of this ill-fated expedition, had, on a former occasion, in command of a party of men vastly inferior to the crews of these two ships, penetrated to the same regions, and been exposed to the rigors of the same climate; if they had undergone such fatigue, exposure, and disaster, that scarcely power remained to them to crawl, and they tottered and fell many times in a journey of a few yards; if they could not bear the contemplation of their "filth and wretchedness, each other's emaciated figures, ghastly countenances, dilated eyeballs, and sepulchral voices;" if they had eaten their shoes, such outer clothes as they could part with and not perish of cold, the scraps of acrid marrow yet remaining in the dried and whitened spines of dead wolves; if they had wasted away to skeletons on such fare, and on bits of putrid skin, and bits of hide, and the covers of guns, and pounded bones; if they had passed through all the pangs of famine, had reached that point of starvation where there is little or no pain left, and had descended so far into the valley of the shadow of Death, that they lay down side by side, calmly and even cheerfully awaiting their release from this world; if they had suffered such dire extremity, and yet lay where the bodies of their dead companions lay unburied within a few paces of them; and yet never dreamed at the last gasp of resorting to this said "last resource;" would it not be strong presumptive evidence against an incoherent Esquimaux story, selected at "various times" as it wandered from "various sources?" But, if the leader of that party were the leader of this very party too; if Franklin himself had undergone those dreadful trials, and had been restored to health and strength, and had been—not for days and months alone, but years—the Chief of this very expedition, infusing into it, as such a man necessarily must, the force of his character and discipline, patience, and fortitude; would there not be a still greater and stronger moral improbability to set against the wild tales of a herd of savages?

Now this *was* Franklin's case. He had passed through the ordeal we have described.

He was the Chief of that expedition, and he was the Chief of this. In this, he commanded a body of picked English seaman of the first class; in that, he and his three officers had but one English seaman to rely on; the rest of the men being Canadian voyagers and Indians. His Narrative of a Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea in 1819-22, is one of the most explicit and enthralling in the whole literature of Voyage and Travel. The facts are acted and suffered before the reader's eyes, in the descriptions of FRANKLIN, RICHARDSON, and BACK; three of the greatest names in the history of heroic endurance.

See how they gradually sink into the depths of misery.

"I was reduced," says Franklin, long before the worst came, "almost to skin and bone, and, like the rest of the party, suffered from degrees of cold that would have been disregarded whilst in health and vigor." "I set out with the intention of going to St. Germain, to hasten his operations, (making a canoe), but though he was only three quarters of a mile distant, I spent three hours in a vain attempt to reach him, my strength being unequal to the labor of wading through the deep snow; and I returned quite exhausted, and much shaken by the numerous falls I had got. My associates were all in the same debilitated state. The voyagers were somewhat stronger than ourselves, but more indisposed to exertion, on account of their despondency. The sensation of hunger was no longer felt by any of us, yet we were scarcely able to converse upon any other subject than the pleasures of eating." "We had a small quantity of this weed (*tripe de roche*, and always the cause of miserable illness to some of them), in the evening, and the rest of our supper was made up of scraps of roasted leather. The distance walked to-day was six miles." "Previous to setting out, the whole party ate the remains of their old shoes, and whatever scraps of leather they had, to strengthen their stomachs for the fatigue of the day's journey." "Not being able to find any *tripe de roche*, we drank an infusion of the Labrador tea-plant, and ate a few morsels of burnt leather for supper." "We were unable to raise the tent, and found its weight too great to carry it on; we therefore cut it up, and took a part of the canvas for a cover." Thus growing weaker and weaker every day, they reached, at last, Fort Enterprise, a lonely and desolate hut, where Richardson—then Dr. Richardson, now Sir John—and Hepburn, the English seaman, from whom they had been parted, rejoined them. "We were all shocked at beholding the emaciated countenances of the Doctor and Hepburn, as they strongly evidenced their extremely debilitated state. The alteration in our appearance was equally dis-

treasing to them, for, since the swellings had subsided, we were little more than skin and bone. The doctor particularly remarked the sepulchral tone of our voices, which he requested us to make more cheerful, if possible, quite unconscious that his own partook of the same key." "In the afternoon, Peltier was so much exhausted, that he sat up with difficulty, and looked piteously;—at length he slid from his stool upon the bed, as we supposed to sleep, and in this composed state he remained upwards of two hours without our apprehending any danger. We were then alarmed by hearing a rattling in his throat, and on the Doctor's examining him he was found to be speechless. He died in the course of the night. Semandré sat up the greater part of the day, and even assisted in pounding some bones; but on witnessing the melancholy state of Peltier, he became very low, and began to complain of cold, and stiffness of the joints. Being unable to keep up a sufficient fire to warm him, we laid him down, and covered him with several blankets. He did not, however, appear to get better, and I deeply lament to add, he also died before daylight. We removed the bodies of the deceased into the opposite part of the house, but our united strength was inadequate to the task of interring them, or even carrying them down to the river." "The severe shock occasioned by the sudden dissolution of our two companions, rendered us very melancholy. Adam, one of the interpreters, became low and despondent; a change which we lamented the more as we perceived he had been gaining strength and spirits for the two preceding days. I was particularly distressed by the thought that the labor of collecting wood must now devolve upon Dr. Richardson and Hepburn, and that my debility would disable me from affording them any material assistance; indeed both of them most kindly urged me not to make the attempt. I found it necessary in their absence, to remain constantly near Adam, and to converse with him, in order to prevent his reflecting on our condition, and to keep up his spirits as far as possible. I also lay by his side at night." "The Doctor and Hepburn were getting much weaker, and the limbs of the latter were now greatly swelled. They came into the house frequently in the course of the day to rest themselves, and when once seated were unable to rise without the help of one another, or of a stick. Adam was for the most part in the same low state as yesterday, but sometimes he surprised us by getting up and walking with an appearance of increased strength. His looks were now wild and ghastly, and his conversation was often incoherent." "I may here remark, that owing to our loss of flesh, the hardness of the floor, from which we were only protected by a

blanket, produced soreness over the body, and especially those parts on which the weight rested in lying; yet to turn ourselves for relief was a matter of toil and difficulty.—However, during this period, and indeed all along after the acute pains of hunger, which lasted but a short time, had subsided, we generally enjoyed the comfort of a few hours' sleep. The dreams, which for the most part, but not always accompanied it, were usually, (though not invariably) of a pleasant character, being very often about the enjoyments of feasting. In the daytime, we fell into the practice of conversing on common and light subjects, although we sometimes discoursed, with seriousness and earnestness, on topics connected with religion; we generally avoided speaking, directly, of our present sufferings, or even of the prospect of relief. I observed, that in proportion as our strength decayed, our minds exhibited symptoms of weakness, evinced by a kind of unreasonable pettishness with each other. Each of us thought the other weaker in intellect than himself, and more in need of advice and assistance. So trifling a circumstance as a change of place, recommended by one as being warmer and more comfortable, and refused by the other from a dread of motion, frequently called forth fretful expressions, which were no sooner uttered than atoned for, to be repeated, perhaps, in the course of a few minutes. The same thing often occurred when we endeavored to assist each other in carrying wood to the fire; none of us were willing to receive assistance, although the task was disproportioned to our strength. On one of these occasions, Hepburn was so convinced of this waywardness, that he exclaimed, 'Dear me, if we are spared to return to England, I wonder if we shall recover our understandings!'

Surely it must be comforting to the relatives and friends of Franklin and his brave companions in later dangers, now at rest, to reflect upon this manly and touching narrative; to consider that at the time it so affectingly describes, and all the weaknesses of which it so truthfully depicts, the bodies of the dead lay within reach, preserved by the cold, but unutilized; and to know it for an established truth, that the sufferers had passed the bitterness of hunger and were then dying passively.

They knew the end they were approaching very well, as Franklin's account of the arrival of their deliverance next day, shows. "Adam had passed a restless night, being disquieted by gloomy apprehensions of approaching death, which we tried in vain to dispel. He was so low in the morning as to be scarcely able to speak. I remained in bed by his side, to cheer him as much as possible. The Do-

tor and Hepburn went to cut wood. They had scarcely begun their labor, when they were amazed at hearing the report of a musket. They could scarcely believe that there was really any one near, until they heard a shout, and immediately espied three Indians close to the house. Adam and I heard the latter noise, and I was fearful that a part of the house had fallen upon one of my companions; a disaster which had in fact been thought not unlikely. My alarm was only momentary. Dr. Richardson came in to communicate the joyful intelligence that relief had arrived. He and myself immediately addressed thanksgiving to the throne of mercy for this deliverance, but poor Adam was in so low a state that he could scarcely comprehend the information. When the Indians entered, he attempted to rise, but sank down again. But for this seasonable interposition of Providence his existence must have terminated in a few hours, and that of the rest probably in not many days."

But, in the preceding trials and privations of that expedition, there was one man, MICHAEL, an Iroquois hunter, who *did* conceive the horrible idea of subsisting on the bodies of the stragglers, if not of even murdering the weakest with the express design of eating them—which is pretty certain. This man planned and executed his wolfish devices at a time when Sir John Richardson and Hepburn were afoot with him every day; when, though their sufferings were very great, they had not fallen into the weakened state of mind we have just read of; and when the mere difference between his bodily robustness and the emaciation of the rest of the party—to say nothing of his mysterious absences and returns—might have engendered suspicion. Yet, so far off was the unnatural thought of cannibalism from their minds, and from that of Mr. HOOD, another officer who accompanied them, though they were all then suffering the pangs of hunger, and were sinking every hour—that no suspicion of the truth dawned upon one of them, until the same hunter shot Mr. Hood dead as he sat by a fire.

It was after the commission of that crime, when he had become an object of horror and distrust, and seemed to be going savagely mad, that circumstances began to piece themselves together in the minds of the two survivors, suggesting a guilt so monstrously unlikely to both of them that it had never flashed upon the thoughts of either until they knew the wretch to be a murderer. To be rid of his presence, and freed from the danger they at length perceived it to be fraught with, Sir John Richardson, nobly assuming the responsibility he would not allow a man of commoner station to bear, shot this devil through the head—to the

infinite joy of all the generations of readers who will honor him in his admirable narrative of that transaction.

The words in which Sir John Richardson mentions this Michel, after the earth is rid of him, are extremely important to our purpose, as almost describing the broad general ground towards which we now approach. "His principles, unsupported by a belief in the divine truths of Christianity, were unable to withstand the pressure of severe distress. His countrymen, the Iroquois, are generally Christians, but he was totally uninstructed, and ignorant of the duties inculcated by Christianity; and from his long residence in the Indian country, seems to have imbibed, or retained, the rules of conduct which the southern Indians prescribe to themselves."

Heaven forbid that we, sheltered and fed, and considering this question at our own warm hearth, should audaciously set limits to any extremity of desperate distress! It is in reverence for the brave and enterprising, in admiration for the great spirits who can endure even unto the end, in love for their names, and in tenderness for their memory, that we think of the specks, once ardent men, "scattered about in different directions" on the waste of ice and snow, and plead for their lightest ashes. Our last claim in their behalf and honor, against the vague babble of savages, is, that the instances in which this "last resource," so easily received, has been permitted to interpose between life and death, are few and exceptional; whereas the instances in which the sufferings of hunger have been borne until the pain was past, are very many. Also, and as the citadel of the position, that the better educated the man, the better disciplined the habits, the more reflective and religious the tone of thought, the more gigantically improbable the "last resource" becomes.

Beseeching the reader always to bear in mind that the lost Arctic voyagers were carefully selected for the service, and that each was in his condition no doubt far above the average, we will test the Esquimaux kettle-stories by some of the most trying and famous cases of hunger and exposure on record.

The account of the sufferings of the shipwrecked men, in DON JUAN, will rise into most minds as our topic presents itself. It is founded (so far as such a writer as BYRON may choose to resort to facts, in aid of what he knows intuitively), on several real cases. BLIGH's undecked-boat navigation, after the mutiny of the *Bounty*; and the wrecks of the *Centaur*, the *Peggy*, the *Pandora*, the *Juno*, and the *Thomas*; had been, among other similar narratives, attentively read by the poet.

In Bligh's case, though the endurances of all on board were extreme, there was no movement towards the "last resource." And this,

though Bligh in the memorable voyage which showed his knowledge of navigation to be as good as his temper was bad (which is very high praise), could only serve out, at the best, "about an ounce of pork to each person," and was fain to weigh the allowance of bread against a pistol bullet, and in the most urgent need could only administer wine or rum by the teaspoonful. Though the necessities of the party were so great, that when a stray bird was caught, its blood was poured into the mouths of three of the people who were nearest death, and "the body, with the entrails, beak, and feet, was divided into eighteen shares." Though of a captured dolphin there was "issued about two ounces, including the offals, to each person;" and though the time came, when, in Bligh's words, "there was a visible alteration for the worse in many of the people which excited great apprehensions in me. Extreme weakness, swelled legs, hollow and ghastly countenances, with an apparent debility of understanding, seemed to me the melancholy presages of approaching dissolution."

The *Centaur*, man-of-war, sprung a leak at sea in very heavy weather; was perceived, after great labor, to be fast settling down by the head; and was abandoned by the captain and eleven others, in the pinnace. They were "in a leaky boat, with one of the gunwales stove, in nearly the middle of the Western Ocean; without compass, quadrant, or sail; wanting great coat or cloak; all very thinly clothed, in a gale of wind, and with a great sea running." They had "one biscuit divided into twelve morsels for breakfast, and the same for dinner; the neck of a bottle, broke off with the cork in it, served for a glass; and this filled with water was the allowance for twenty-four hours, to each man." This misery was endured, without any reference whatever to the last resource, for fifteen days: at the expiration of which time, they happily made land. Observe the captain's words, at the height. "Our sufferings were now as great as human strength could bear; but, we were convinced that good spirits were a better support than great bodily strength: for on this day Thomas Mathews, quartermaster, perished from hunger and cold. On the day before, he had complained of want of strength in his throat, as he expressed it, to swallow his morsel, and in the night grew delirious and died without a groan." What were their reflections? That they could support life on the body? "As it became next to certainty that we should all perish in the same manner in a day or two, it was somewhat comfortable to reflect that dying of hunger was not so dreadful as our imaginations had represented."

The *Pandora*, frigate, was sent out to Otaheite, to bring home for trial such of the mu-

tineers of the *Bounty* as could be found upon the island. In Endeavor Straits, on her homeward voyage, she struck upon a reef; was got off, by great exertion, but had sustained such damage, that she soon heeled over and went down. One hundred and ten persons escaped in the boats, and entered on "a long and dangerous voyage." The daily allowance to each was a musket-ball weight of bread, and two small wineglasses of water. "The heat of the sun and reflection of the sand became intolerable, and the quantity of salt water swallowed by the men created the most parching thirst; excruciating tortures were endured, and one of the men went mad and died." Perhaps this body was devoured? No. "The people at length neglected weighing their slender allowance, their mouths becoming so parched that few attempted to eat; and what was not claimed, was returned to the general stock." They were a fine crew (but not so fine as Franklin's), and in a state of high discipline. Only this one death occurred, and all the rest were saved.

The *Juno*, a rotten and unseaworthy ship, sailed from Rangoon for Madras, with a cargo of teak-wood. She had been out three weeks, and had already struck upon a sandbank and sprung a leak, which the crew imperfectly stopped, when she became a wreck in a tremendous storm. The second mate and others, including the captain's wife, climbed into the mizen-top, and made themselves fast to the rigging. The second mate is the narrator of their distresses, and opens them with this remarkable avowal. "We saw that we might remain on the wreck till carried off by famine, the most frightful shape in which death could appear to us. I confess it was my intention, as well as that of the rest, to prolong my existence by the only means that seemed likely to occur—eating the flesh of any whose life might terminate before my own. But this idea we did not communicate, or even hint to each other, until long afterwards; except once that the gunner, a Roman Catholic, asked me if I thought there would be a sin in having recourse to such an expedient." Now, it might reasonably be supposed, with this beginning, that the wreck of the *Juno* furnishes some awful instances of the "last resource" of the Esquimaux stories. Not one. But, perhaps no unhappy creature died, in this mizen-top where the second mate was? Half a dozen, at least, died there; and the body of one Lascar getting entangled in the rigging, so that the survivors in their great weakness could not for some time release it and throw it overboard—which was their manner of disposing of the other bodies—hung there for two or three days. It is worthy of all attention, that as the mate grew weaker, the terrible phantom which had been in his mind

at first (as it might present itself to the mind of any other person, not actually in the extremity imagined), grew paler and more remote. At first, he felt sullen and irritable; on the night of the fourth day he had a refreshing sleep, dreamed of his father, a country clergyman, thought that he was administering the Sacrament to him, and drew the cup away when he stretched out his hand to take it. He chewed canvas, lead, any substance he could find—would have eaten his shoes, early in his misery, but that he wore none. And yet he says, and at an advanced stage of his story too, "After all that I suffered, I believe it fell short of the idea I had formed of what would probably be the natural consequence of such a situation as that to which we were reduced. I had read or heard that no person could live without food, beyond a few days; and when several had elapsed, I was astonished at my having existed so long, and concluded that every succeeding day must be the last. I expected, as the agonies of death approached, that we should be tearing the flesh from each other's bones." Later still, he adds: "I can give very little account of the rest of the time. The sensation of hunger was lost in that of weakness; and when I could get a supply of fresh water I was comparatively easy." When land was at last descried, he had become too indifferent to raise his head to look at it, and continued lying in a dull and drowsy state, much as Adam the interpreter lay, with Franklin at his side.

The *Peggy* was an American sloop, sailing home from the Azores to New York. She encountered great distress of weather, ran short of provision, and at length had no food on board, and no water, "except about two gallons which remained dirty at the bottom of a cask." The crew ate a cat they had on board, the leather from the pumps, their buttons and their shoes, the camlles and the oil. Then, they went aft, and down into the captain's cabin, and said they wanted him to see lots fairly drawn who should be killed to feed the rest. The captain refusing with horror, they went forward again, contrived to make the lot fall on a negro whom they had on board, shot him, fried a part of him for supper, and pickled the rest, with the exception of the head and fingers which they threw overboard. The greediest man among them, dying raving mad on the third day after this event, they threw his body into the sea—it would seem because they feared to derive a contagion of madness from it, if they ate it. Nine days having elapsed in all since the negro's death, and they being without food again, they went below once more and repeated their proposal to the captain (who lay weak and ill in his cot, having been unable to

endure the mere thought of touching the negro's remains), that he should see lots fairly drawn. As he had no security but that they would manage, if he still refused, that the lot should fall on him, he consented. It fell on a foremast-man, who was the favorite of the whole ship. He was quite willing to die, and chose the man who had shot the negro, to be his executioner. While he was yet living, the cook made a fire in the galley; but, they resolved, when all was ready for his death, that the fire should be put out again, and that the doomed foremast-man should live until an hour before noon next day; after which they went once more into the captain's cabin, and begged him to read prayers, with supplications that a sail might heave in sight before the appointed time. A sail was seen at about eight o'clock next morning, and they were taken off the wreck.

Is there any circumstance in this case to separate it from the others already described, and from the case of the lost Arctic voyagers? Let the reader judge. The ship was laden with wine and brandy. The crew were incessantly drunk from the first hour of their calamities falling upon them. They were not sober, even at the moment when they proposed the drawing of lots. They were with difficulty restrained from making themselves wildly intoxicated while the strange sail bore down to their rescue. And the mate, who should have been the exemplar and preserver of discipline, was so drunk after all, that he had no idea whatever of anything that had happened, and was rolled into the boat which saved his life.

In the case of the Thomas, the surgeon bled the man to death on whom the lot fell, and his remains were eaten ravenously. The details of this shipwreck are not within our reach; but, we confidently assume the crew to have been of an inferior class.

The useful and accomplished Sir John Barrow, remarking that it is but too well established "that men in extreme cases *have destroyed each other* for the sake of appeasing hunger," instances the English ship the *Nautilus* and the French ship the *Medusa*. Let us look into the circumstances of these two shipwrecks.

The *Nautilus*, sloop of war, bound for England with despatches from the Dardanelles, struck, one dark and stormy January night, on a coral rock in the Mediterranean, and soon broke up. A number of the crew got upon the rock, which scarcely rose above the water, and was less than four hundred yards long, and not more than two hundred broad. On the fourth day—they having been in the meantime hailed by some of their comrades who had got into a small whale-boat which was hanging over the ship's quarter when she

struck; and also knowing that boat to have made for some fishermen not far off—these shipwrecked people ate the body of a young man who had died some hours before: notwithstanding that Sir John Barrow's words would rather imply that they killed some unfortunate person for the purpose. Now, surely after what we have just seen of the extent of human endurance under similar circumstances, we know this to be an exceptional and uncommon case. It may likewise be argued that few of the people on the rock can have eaten of this fearful food; for, the survivors were fifty in number, and were not taken off until the sixth day and the eating of no other body is mentioned, though many persons died.

We come then, to the wreck of the *Medusa*, of which there is a lengthened French account by two surviving members of the crew, which was very indifferently translated into English some five-and-thirty years ago. She sailed from France for Senegal, in company with three other vessels, and had about two hundred and forty souls on board, including a number of soldiers. She got among shoals and stranded, a fortnight after her departure from Aix Roads. After scenes of tremendous confusion and dismay, the people at length took to the boats, and to a raft made of top-masts, yards, and other stout spars, strongly lashed together. One hundred and fifty mortals were crammed together on the raft, of whom only fifteen remained to be saved at the end of thirteen days. The raft has become the ship, and may always be understood to be meant when the wreck of the *Medusa* is in question.

Upon this raft, every conceivable and inconceivable horror, possible under the circumstances, took place. It was shamefully deserted by the boats (though the land was within fifteen leagues at that time), and it was so deep in the water that those who clung to it, fore and aft, were always immersed in the sea to their middles, and it was only out of the water amidships. It had a pole for a mast, on which the top-gallant sail of the *Medusa* was hoisted. It rocked and rolled violently with every wave, so that even in the dense crowd it was impossible to stand without holding on. Within the first few hours, people were washed off by dozens, flung themselves into the sea, were stifled in the press, and, getting entangled among the spars, rolled lifeless to and fro under foot. There was a cask of wine upon it which was secretly broached by the soldiers and sailors, who drank themselves so mad, that they resolved to cut the cords asunder, and send the whole living freight to perdition. They were headed by "an Asiatic, and soldier in a colonial regiment: of a colossal stature, with short curled hair, an extremely large nose,

an enormous mouth, a sallow complexion, and a hideous air." Him, an officer cast into the sea; upon which, his comrades made a charge at the officer, threw *him* into the sea, and, on his being recovered by their opponents who launched a barrel to him, tried to cut out his eyes with a penknife. Hereupon, an incessant and infernal combat was fought between the two parties, with sabres, knives, bayonets, nails, and teeth, until the rebels were thinned and cowed, and they were all ferociously wild together. On the *third day*, they "fell upon the dead bodies with which the raft was covered, and cut off pieces, which some instantly devoured. Many did not touch them; almost all the officers were of this number." On the fourth "we dressed some fish (they had fire on the raft) which we devoured with extreme avidity; but, our hunger was so great, and our portion of fish so small, that we added to it some human flesh, which dressing rendered less disgusting; it was this which the officers touched for the first time. From this day we continued to use it; but we could not dress it any more, as we were entirely deprived of the means," through the accidental extinction of their fire, and their having no materials to kindle another. Before the fourth night, the raving mutineers rose again, and were cut down and thrown overboard until only thirty people remained alive upon the raft. On the seventh day, there were only twenty-seven; and twelve of these, being spent and ill, were every one cast into the sea by the remainder, who then, in an excess of repentance, threw the weapons away too, all but one sabre. After that, "the soldiers and sailors" were eager to devour a butterfly which was seen fluttering on the mast; after that, some of them began to tell the stories of their lives; and thus, with grim joking, and raging thirst and reckless bathing among the sharks which had now begun to follow the raft, and general delirium and fever, they were picked up by a ship: to the number, and after the term of exposure, already mentioned.

Are there any circumstances in this frightful case, to account for its peculiar horrors? Again, the reader shall judge. No discipline worthy of the name had been observed aboard the *Medusa* from the minute of her weighing anchor. The captain had inexplicably delegated his authority "to a man who did not belong to the staff. He was an ex-officer of the marine, who had just left an English prison, where he had been for ten years." This man held the ship's course against the protest of the officers, who warned him what would come of it. The work of the ship had been so ill done, that even the common manoeuvres necessary to the saving of a boy who fell overboard, had been bungled, and the boy had been needlessly lost. Important signals had been received

from one of the ships in company, and neither answered nor reported to the captain. The *Medusa* had been on fire through negligence. When she struck, desertion of duty, mean evasion and fierce recrimination, wasted the precious moments. "It is probable that if one of the first officers had set the example, order would have been restored; but every one was left to himself." The most virtuous aspiration of which the soldiers were sensible, was, to fire upon their officers, and failing that, to tear their eyes out and rend them to pieces. The historians compute that there were not in all upon the raft—before the sick were thrown into the sea—more than twenty men of decency, education, and purpose enough, even to oppose the maniacs. To crown all, they describe the soldiers as "wretches who were not worthy to wear the French uniform. They were the scum of all countries, the refuse of the prisons, where they had been collected to make up the force. When, for the sake of health, they had been made to bathe in the sea (a ceremony from which some of them had the modesty to endeavor to excuse themselves), the whole crew had had ocular demonstration that it was not upon their *breasts* these heroes wore the insignia of the exploits which had led to their serving the state in the ports of Toulon, Brest, or Rochefort." And is it with the scourged and branded sweepings of the galleys of France, in their debased condition of eight-and-thirty years ago, that we shall compare the flower of the trained adventurous spirit of the English Navy, raised by Parry, Franklin, Richardson, and Back?

Nearly three hundred years ago, a celebrated case of famine occurred in the *Jacques*, a French ship, homeward-bound from Brazil, with forty-five persons on board, of whom twenty-five were the ship's company. She was a crazy old vessel, fit for nothing but fire-wood, and had been out four months, and was still upon the weary seas far from land, when her whole stock of provisions was exhausted. The very maggots in the dust of the bread-room had been eaten up, and the parrots and monkeys brought from Brazil by the men on board had been killed and eaten, when two of the men died. Their bodies were committed to the deep. At least twenty days afterwards, when they had had perpetual cold and stormy weather, and were grown too weak to navigate the ship; when they had eaten pieces of the dried skin of the wild hog, and leather jackets and shoes, and the horn-plates of the ship-lanterns, and all the wax-candles; the gunner died. His body likewise was committed to the deep. They then began to hunt for mice, so that it became a common thing on board, to see skeleton-men watching eagerly and silently at mouse-holes, like cats. They had no wine and no water; nothing to drink but

one little glass of cider, each, per day. When they were come to this pass, two more of the sailors "died of hunger." Their bodies likewise were committed to the deep. So long and doleful were these experiences on the barren sea, that the people conceived the extraordinary idea that another deluge had happened, and there was no land left. Yet, this ship drifted to the coast of Brittany, and no "last resource" had ever been appealed to. It is worth remarking that, *after they were saved*, the captain declared he had meant to kill somebody, privately, next day. Whosoever has been placed in circumstances of peril, with companions, will know the infatuated pleasure some imaginations take in enhancing them and all their remotest possible consequences, after they are escaped from, and will know what value to attach to this declaration.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a ship's master and fifteen men escaped from a wreck in an open boat, which they weighed down very heavy, and were at sea, with no fresh water, and nothing to eat but the floating seaweed, seven days and nights. "We will all live or die together," said the master on the third day, when one of the men proposed to draw lots—not who should become the last resource, but who should be thrown overboard to lighten the boat. On the fifth day, that man and another died. The rest were "very weak and praying for death;" but these bodies also were committed to the deep.

In the reign of George the Third, the *Wager*, man-of-war, one of a squadron badly found and provided in all respects, sailing from England for South America, was wrecked on the coast of Patagonia. She was commanded by a brutal though bold captain, and manned by a turbulent crew, most of whom were exasperated to a readiness for all mutiny by having been pressed in the Downs, in the hour of their arrival at home from long and hard service. When the ship struck, they broke open the officers' chests, dressed themselves in the officers' uniforms, and got drunk in the old, Smollett manner. About a hundred and fifty of them made their way ashore, and divided into parties. Great distress was experienced from want of food, and one of the boys, "having picked up the liver of one of the drowned men whose carcass had been dashed to pieces against the rocks, could be with difficulty withheld from making a meal of it." One man, in a quarrel, on a spot which, in remembrance of their sufferings there, they called Mount Misery, stabbed another mortally, and left him dead on the ground. Though a third of the whole number were no more, chiefly through want, in eight or ten weeks; and though they had in the mean time eaten a midshipman's dog, and

were now glad to feast on putrid morsels of seal that had been thrown away; certain men came back to this Mount Misery, expressly to give this body (which throughout had remained untouched), decent burial: assigning their later misfortunes "to their having neglected this necessary tribute." Afterwards in an open-boat navigation, when rowers died at their oars of want and its attendant weakness, and there was nothing to serve out but bits of rotten seal, the starving crew went ashore to bury the bodies of their dead companions, in the sand. At such a condition did even these ill-nurtured, ill-commanded, ill-used men arrive, without appealing to the "last resource," that they were so much emaciated "as hardly to have the shape of men," while the captain's legs "resembled posts, though his body appeared to be nothing but skin and bone," and he had fallen into that feeble state of intellect that he had positively forgotten his own name.

In the same reign, an East Indiaman bound from Surat to Mocha and Jidda, in the Dead Sea, took fire when two hundred leagues distant from the nearest land, which was the coast of Malabar. The mate and ninety-five other people, white, brown, and black, found themselves in the long-boat, with this voyage before them, and neither water nor provisions on board. The account of the mate who conducted the boat, day and night, is, "We were never hungry, though our thirst was extreme. On the seventh day our throats and tongues swelled to such a degree, that we conveyed our meaning by signs. Sixteen died on that day, and almost the whole people became silly, and began to die laughing. I earnestly petitioned God that I might continue in my senses to my end, which he was pleased to grant: I being the only person on the eighth day that preserved them. Twenty more died that day. On the ninth I observed land, which overcame my senses, and I fell into a swoon with thankfulness of joy." Again no last resource, and can the reader doubt that they would all have died without it?

In the same reign, and within a few years of the same date, the *Philip Aubin*, bark of eighty tons, bound from Barbadoes to Surinam, broached-to at sea, and foundered. The captain, the mate, and two seamen, got clear of the wreck, and into "a small boat, twelve or thirteen feet long." In accomplishing this escape they all, but particularly the captain, showed great coolness, courage, sense, and resignation. They took the captain's dog on board, and picked up thirteen onions which floated out of the ship, after she went down. They had no water, no mast, sail, or oars; nothing but the boat, what they wore, and a knife. The boat had sprung a leak, which was stopped with a shirt. They cut pieces

of wood from the boat itself, which they made into a mast; they rigged the mast with strips of the shirt; and they hoisted a pair of wide trousers for a sail. The little boat being cut down almost to the water's edge, they made a bulwark against the sea, of their own backs. The mate steered with a topmast he had pushed before him to the boat, when he swam to it. On the third day, they killed the dog, and drank his blood out of a hat. On the fourth day, the two men gave in, saying they would rather die than toil on; and one persisted in refusing to do his part in bailing the boat, though the captain implored him on his knees. But a very decided threat from the mate, to steer him into the other world with the topmast, by bringing it down upon his skull, induced him to turn to again. On the fifth day, the mate exhorted the rest to cut a piece out of his thigh, and quench their thirst; but no one stirred. He had eaten more of the dog than any of the rest, and would seem from this wild proposal, to have been the worse for it, though he was quite steady again next day, and derived relief (as the captain did), from turning a nail in his mouth, and often sprinkling his head with salt water. The captain, first and last, took only a few mouthfuls of the dog, and one of the seamen only tasted it, and the other would not touch it. The onions they all thought of small advantage to them, as engendering greater thirst. On the eighth day, the two seamen, who had soon relapsed and become delirious and quite oblivious of their situation, died, within three hours of each other. The captain and mate saw the Island of Tobago that evening, but could not make it until late in the ensuing night. The bodies were found in the boat, unmutilated by the last resource.

In the same reign, still, and within three years of this disaster, the American brig *Tyrel*, sailed from New York for the Island of Antigua. She was a miserable tub, grossly unfit for sea, and turned bodily over in a gale of wind, five days after her departure. Seventeen people took to a boat, nineteen feet and a half long, and less than six feet and a half broad. They had half a peck of white biscuit, changed into salt dough by the seawater; and a peck of common ship-biscuit.— They steered their course by the polar-star. Soon after sunset, on the ninth day, the second mate and the carpenter died very peacefully. "All betook themselves to prayers, and then, after some little time, stripped the bodies of their two unfortunate comrades, and threw them overboard." Next night, a man aged sixty-four, who had been fifty years at sea, died, asking to the last, for a drop of water; next day, two more died, in perfect repose; next night, the gunner; four more in

the succeeding four and twenty hours. Five others followed in one day. And all these bodies were quietly thrown overboard—though with great difficulty at last, for the survivors were now exceeding weak, and not one had strength to pull an oar. On the fourteenth or fifteenth morning, when there were only three left alive, and the body of the cabin boy, newly dead, was in the boat, the chief mate "asked his two companions whether they thought they could eat any of the boy's flesh? They signified their inclination to try; whence, the body being quite cold, he cut a piece from the inside of its thigh, a little above the knee. Part of this he gave to the captain and boatswain, and reserved a small portion to himself. But, on attempting to swallow the flesh, it was rejected by the stomachs of all, and the body was therefore thrown overboard." Yet, that captain, and that boatswain, both died of famine in the night, and *another whole week elapsed* before a schooner picked up the chief mate, left alone in the boat with their unmolested bodies, the dumb evidence of his story. Which bodies the crew of that schooner saw, and buried in the deep.

Only four years ago, in the autumn of eighteen hundred and fifty, a party of British missionaries were most indiscreetly sent out by a society, to Patagonia. They were seven in number, and all died near the coast (as nothing but a miracle could have prevented their doing), of starvation. An exploring party, under Captain Moorshead, of her Majesty's ship *Dido*, came upon their traces, and found the remains of four of them, lying by their two boats, which they had hauled up for shelter. Captain Gardiner, their superintendent, who had probably expired the last, had kept a journal until the pencil had dropped from his dying hand. They had buried three of their party, like Christian men, and the rest had faded away in quiet resignation, and without great suffering. They were kind and helpful to one another, to the last. One of the common men, just like Adam with Franklin, was "cast down at the loss of his comrades, and wandering in his mind," before he passed away.

Against this strong case in support of our general position, we will faithfully set four opposite instances we have sought out.

The first is the case of the *New Horn*, Dutch vessel, which was burnt at sea, and blew up with a great explosion, upwards of two hundred years ago. Seventy-two people escaped in two boats. The old Dutch captain's narrative being rather obscure, and, (as we believe), scarcely traceable beyond a French translation, it is not easy to understand how long they were at sea, before the people fell into the state to which the ensu-

ing description applies. According to our calculation, however, they had not been shipwrecked many days—we take the period to have been less than a week—and they had had seven or eight pounds of biscuit on board. “Our misery daily increased, and the rage of hunger urging us to extremities, the people began to regard each other with ferocious looks. Consulting among themselves, they secretly determined to devour the boys on board, and after their bodies were consumed, to throw lots who should next suffer death, that the lives of the rest might be preserved.” The captain dissuading them from this, with the utmost loathing and horror, they reconsidered the matter, and decided, “that should we not get sight of land in three days, the boys should be sacrificed.” On the last of the three days, the land was made; so, whether any of them would have executed this intention, can never be known.

The second case runs thus. In the last year of the last century, six men were induced to desert from the English artillery at St. Helena—a deserter from any honest service is not a character from which to expect much—and to go on board an American ship, the only vessel then lying in those roads. After they got on board in the dark, they saw lights moving about on shore, and, fearful that they would be missed and taken, went over the side, with the connivance of the ship's people, got into the whale-boat, and made off: purposing to be taken up again by and by, when the ship was under weigh. But, they missed her, and rowed and sailed about for sixteen days, at the end of which their provisions were all consumed. After chewing bamboo, and gnawing leather, and eating a dolphin, one of them proposed, when ten days more had run out, that lots should be drawn which deserter should bleed himself to death, to support life in the rest. It was agreed to, and done. They could take very little of this food.

The third, is the case of the Nottingham Galley, trading from Great Britain to America, which was wrecked on a rock called Boon Island, off the coast of Massachusetts. About two days afterwards—the narrative is not very clear in its details—the cook died on the rock. “Therefore,” writes the captain, “we laid him in a convenient place for the sea to carry him away. None then proposed to eat his body, though several afterwards acknowledged that they, as well as myself, had thoughts of it.” They were “tolerably well supplied with fresh-water throughout.” But when they had been upon the rock about a fortnight, and had eaten all their provisions, the carpenter died. And then the captain writes: “We suffered the body to remain with us till morning, when I desired those who were best able to remove it. I crept out myself to see whether Pro-

vidence had yet sent us anything to satisfy our craving appetites. Returning before noon, and observing that the dead body still remained, I asked the men why they had not removed it: to which they answered, that all were not able. I therefore fastened a rope to it, and, giving the utmost of my assistance, we, with some difficulty, got it out of the tent. But the fatigue and consideration of our misery together, so overcame my spirits, that, being ready to faint, I crept into the tent and was no sooner there, than, as the highest aggravation of distress, the men began requesting me to give them the body of their lifeless comrade to eat, the better to support their own existence.” The captain ultimately complied. They became brutalized and ferocious; but they suffered him to keep the remains on a high part of the rock; and they were not consumed when relief arrived.

The fourth and last case, is the wreck of the St. Lawrence, bound from Quebec for New York. An ensign of foot, bringing home despatches, relates how she went ashore on a desolate part of the coast of North America, and how those who were saved from the wreck suffered great hardships, both by land and sea, and were thinned in their numbers by death, and buried their dead. All this time they had some provisions, though they ran short, but at length they were reduced to live upon weeds and tallow and melted snow. The tallow being all gone, they lived on weed and snow for three days, and then the ensign came to this: “The time was now arrived when I thought it highly expedient to put the plan before mentioned (casting lots who should be killed) into execution; but on feeling the pulse of my companions, I found some of them rather averse to the proposal. The desire of life still prevailed above every other sentiment, notwithstanding the wretchedness of our condition, and the impossibility of preserving it by any other method.

I thought it an extraordinary instance of infatuation, that men should prefer the certainty of a lingering and miserable death, to the distant chance of escaping one more immediate and less painful. However, on consulting with the mate what was to be done, I found that although they objected to the proposal of casting lots for the victim, yet all concurred in the necessity of some one being sacrificed for the preservation of the rest. The only question was how it should be determined; when by a kind of reasoning more agreeable to the dictates of self-love than justice, it was agreed, that as the captain was now so exceedingly reduced as to be evidently the first who would sink under our present complicated misery; as he had been the person to whom we considered ourselves in some measure indebted for all our misfortunes;

and further, as he had ever since our shipwreck been the most remiss in his exertions towards the general good—he was undoubtedly the person who should be the first sacrificed.” The design of which the ensign writes with this remarkable coolness, was not carried into execution, by reason of their falling in with some Indians; but some of the party who were afterwards separated from the rest, declared when they rejoined them, that they had eaten of the remains of their deceased companions. Of this case it is to be noticed that the captain is alleged to have been a mere kidnapper, sailing under false pretences, and therefore not likely to have had by any means a choice crew; that the greater part of them got drunk when the ship was in danger; and that they had not a very sensitive associate in the ensign, on his own highly disagreeable showing.

It appears to us that the influence of great privation upon the lower and least disciplined class of character, is much more bewildering and maddening at sea than on shore.—The confined space, the monotonous aspect of the waves, the mournful winds, the monotonous motion, the dead uniformity of color, the abundance of water that cannot be drunk to quench the raging thirst—which the Ancient Mariner perceived to be one of his torments—these seem to engender a diseased mind with greater quickness and of a worse sort. The conviction on the part of the sufferers that they hear voices calling for them; that they descri ships coming to their aid; that they hear the firing of guns, and see the flash; that they can plunge into the waves without injury, to fetch something or to meet somebody—is not often paralleled among suffering travellers by land. The mirage expected—a delusion of the desert, which has its counterpart upon the sea, not included under these heads—we remember nothing of this sort experienced by BRUCE, for instance, or by MUNGO PARK;—least of all by Franklin in the memorable book we have quoted. Our comparison of the records of the two kinds of trial, leads us to believe, that even men who might be in danger of the last resource at sea, would be very likely to pine away by degrees, and never come to it ashore.

In his published account of the ascent of Mont Blanc, which is an excellent little book, MR. ALBERT SMITH describes, with very humorous fidelity, that when he was urged on by the guides, in a drowsy state when he would have given the world to lie down and go to sleep forever, he was conscious of being greatly distressed by some difficult and altogether imaginary negotiations respecting a non-existent bedstead; also, by an impression that a familiar friend in London came

up with the preposterous intelligence that the King of Prussia objected to the party's advancing, because it was his ground. But, these harmless vagaries are not the present question, being commonly experienced under most circumstances where an effort to fix the attention, or exert the body, contends with a strong disposition to sleep. We have been their sport thousands of times, and have passed through a series of most inconsistent and absurd adventures, while trying hard to follow a short, dull story, related by some eminent conversationalist after dinner.

No statement of cannibalism, whether on the deep, or the dry land, is to be admitted suppositiously, or inferentially, or on any but the most direct and positive evidence; no, not even as occurring among savage people, against whom it was in earlier times too often a pretence for cruelty and plunder.—MR. PRESCOTT, in his brilliant History of the Conquest of Mexico, observes of a fact so astonishing as the existence of cannibalism among a people who had attained considerable advancement in the arts and graces of life, that “they did not feed on human flesh merely to gratify a brutish appetite, but in obedience to their religion—a distinction,” he justly says, “worthy of notice.” Besides which, it is to be remarked, that many of these feeding practices rest on the authority of narrators who distinctly saw St. James and the Virgin Mary fighting at the head of the troops of Cortez, and who possessed, therefore, to say the least, an unusual range of vision. It is curious to consider, with our general impressions on the subject—very often derived we have no doubt, from ROBINSON CRUSOE, if the oaks of men's beliefs could be traced back to acorns—how rarely the practice, even among savages, has been proved. The word of a savage is not to be taken for it; firstly, because he is a liar; secondly, because he is a boaster; thirdly, because he often talks figuratively; fourthly, because he is given to a superstitious notion that when he tells you he has his enemy in his stomach, you will logically give him credit for having his enemy's valor in his heart. Even the sight of cooked and dismembered human bodies among this or that tattoo'd tribe, is not proof. Such appropriate offering to their barbarous, wide-mouthed, goggle-eyed gods, savages have been often seen and known to make. And although it may usually be held as a rule, that the fraternity of priests lay eager hands upon everything meant for the gods, it is always possible that these offerings are an exception; as at once investing the idols with an awful character, and the priests with a touch of disinterestedness, whereof their order may occasionally stand in need.

The imaginative people of the East, in the

palmy days of its romance—not very much accustomed to the sea, perhaps, but certainly familiar by experience and tradition with the perils of the desert—had no notion of the “last resource” among civilized human creatures. In the whole wide circle of the Arabian Nights, it is reserved for ghouls, gigantic blacks with one eye, monsters like towers, of enormous bulk and dreadful aspect, and unclean animals lurking on the seashore, that puffed and blew their way into caves where the dead were interred. Even for SINBAD the Sailor, buried alive, the story-teller found it easier to provide some natural sustenance, in the shape of so many loaves of bread and so much water, let down into the pit with each of the other people buried alive after him (whom he killed with a bone, for he was not nice), than to invent this dismal expedient.

We are brought back to the position almost embodied in the words of Sir John Richardson towards the close of the former chapter. In weighing the probabilities and improbabilities of the “last resource,” the foremost question is—not the nature of the extremity; but, the nature of the men. We submit that the memory of the lost Arctic voyagers is placed, by reason and experience, high above the taint of this so easily-allowed connection; and that

the noble conduct and example of such men, and of their own great leader himself, under similar endurances, belies it, and outweighs by the weight of the whole universe the chatter of a gross handful of uncivilized people, with a domesticity of blood and blubber. Utilitarianism will protest: “they are dead; why care about this?” Our reply shall be: “Because they ARE dead, therefore we care about this. Because they served their country well, and deserved well of her, and can ask, no more on this earth, for her justice or her loving-kindness; give them both, full measure, pressed down, running over. Because no Franklin can come back, to write the honest story of their woes and resignation, read it tenderly and truly in the book he has left us. Because they lie scattered on those wastes of snow, and are as defenceless against the remembrance of coming generations, as against the elements into which they are resolving, and the winter winds that alone can waft them home, now, impalpable air; therefore, cherish them gently, even in the breasts of children. Therefore, teach no one to shudder without reason, at the history of their end. Therefore, confide with their own firmness, in their fortitude, their lofty sense of duty, their courage, and their religion.

HOURL-GLASS.—Allusion to the hour-glass used to regulate the time of speaking. Towards the conclusion of the Lord Keeper's speech on the opening of parliament, March 17, 1627, occurs the sentence:—

We may dandle and play with the hour-glass that is in our power, but the hour will not stay for us; and an opportunity once lost cannot be regained.”—See “*Parl. Hist.*,” ii. 222.

Notes and Queries.

THE LATE MISS FERRIER.—In our obituary for last month we had to record the lamented death of Miss Susan Edmonstone Ferrier, the talented authoress of “*Marriage*,” etc. “This gifted personage,” as her old and attached friend, the author of “*Waverley*,” has designated her, was born in 1782, and was the youngest daughter of the late Mr. James Ferrier, for many years Sir Walter Scott's colleague in the Court of Session. Miss Ferrier's first work, “*Marriage*,” appeared in 1818, followed by “*Inheritance*,” in 1824, and “*Destiny*,” in 1831. These, like the earlier of Scott's novels, having been published anonymously, Sir Walter, on one occasion, refers to the authoress as his “sister shadow.”—a flattering but well-merited compliment; for no writer of fiction has probably been more successful than this lady in the delineation of Scottish character. In consequence of very

delicate health, accompanied with partial blindness, Miss Ferrier for many years past had lived in comparative retirement, admired and beloved by the few privileged to enjoy her rare and delightful powers of conversation, which she was permitted to retain to the last.—*Times*, 8 Dec.

From the Knickerbocker Gallery.

JEANNIE MARSH, OF CHERRY VALLEY.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Air,—“*Roy's Wife*.”

JEANNIE MARSH, of Cherry Valley,
At whose call the muses rally;
Of all the nine none so divine
As Jeannie Marsh, of Cherry Valley.
She minds me of her native scenes,
Where she was born among the cherries;
Of peaches, plums and nectarines,
Pears, apricots, and ripe strawberries!
Jeannie Marsh, of Cherry Valley.

Jeannie Marsh, of Cherry Valley,
In whose name the muses rally;
Of all the nine none so divine
As Jeannie Marsh, of Cherry Valley.
A sylvan nymph with queenly grace,
An angel she in every feature;
The sweet expression of the place,
A dimple in the smile of Nature!
Jeannie Marsh, of Cherry Valley.

From the Economist, 2 Dec.

THE TRUE PURPOSE OF THE WAR.

In nations, as in individuals, nothing is so fatal and undignified as vacillation. It is about the most mischievous form that weakness can assume. We look with involuntary respect and a certain fear upon those who choose their course with clear and deliberate foresight, and, when chosen, pursue it with unswerving and unwavering determination; who form their decisions cautiously and considerately, but refuse to reconsider them in difficult conjunctures or to abandon them before unforeseen obstacles. We have an instinctive feeling that such men have within them the qualities which command success, and we even feel disposed to withdraw opposition to such resolute and steadfast wills. But when we see a man rushing rashly into enterprises without weighing the object or counting the cost, and then, as unexpected difficulties present themselves, beginning to undervalue the object and to magnify the cost; foreseeing no obstacles beforehand, but, as they one by one arise, ever ready to reconsider or rescind his plans, and ask himself again and again the question which should have been asked at first and once for all, whether the object of the enterprise be worth the price which must be paid for its attainment;—we recognize at a glance an order of mind which is certain, and which ought, to fail.

It is with nations as with men, only in a tenfold degree. When once engaged in action, the irresolution that sways backwards and forwards with the varying fortunes of the hour, is an unworthy and a ruinous characteristic. To look back after the hand has been put to the plough is to deserve and to invite disaster and contempt. This has never been the feeling of our countrymen, and assuredly they will not begin to show it now. But it cannot be denied that the unexpected difficulties and the grievous losses we have sustained in the Crimea, and the prospect of further and more prolonged efforts which is opening before us, have encouraged those who always opposed the war to reproduce their representations in a more positive and exaggerated shape, and have induced some who never had as clear an idea as they ought to have had of the real object we are fighting for, to question whether our cause is indeed as good and our aim as important and essential as we at first sight supposed. Such doubters would persuade us to reconsider, in the face of an adversary and under the pressure of anxiety and gloom, a decision which was taken slowly, deliberately, reluctantly, and in a time of peace, which if taken otherwise would have been a sin, and to waver in

which would be now something worse and more deplorable than folly.

We ourselves do not share in the despondent feelings which agitate many minds. We admit the full gravity of the crisis. Our troops have encountered a degree of desperate and tenacious opposition which the immediate antecedents of our enemy gave us no reason to anticipate. We are in a position of unquestionable peril. We are called upon for exertions and sacrifices of a magnitude which we did not perhaps fully foresee. It is possible, and not improbable, that the contest in which we are engaged may enlarge to dimensions and extend to a duration at which statesmen and citizens may well look serious. It may task all our powers of energy and of endurance. It may even prove the commencement of that great and general conflict between liberty and despotism which Canning and Napoleon alike predicted as inevitable, but which we had hoped to ward off to a more distant date. Nevertheless, with all these possibilities and prospects fully and clearly before our mind, we do not for one instant waver in the convictions we formed and enunciated a year ago, viz., that this war is a just, a righteous, and a necessary one; that its object is one which is worth any effort and any sacrifice to attain, which *must* be attained, and which to recede from or abandon now because it is less easy of attainment than we thought, would be a weakness and a wrong for which the punishment would be as prompt, certain, and severe as it would be richly merited.

What are we fighting for? It is not, as Mr. Bright has dared to represent, "to uphold a filthy despotism." It is not to maintain a decrepit Government, which may or may not be rapidly improving, which may or may not be able to recover its vitality and renew its strength, but with which we can have *per se* no very close or vivid sympathies. It is not to retain in the East of Europe that political and diplomatic influence which we began to fear might be overshadowed by the growing power of our rival. It is not, in a word, for any of those trifling or hollow purposes for which too many of our former wars were undertaken. We are fighting not for Turkey, but for Europe. We are fighting not for a Mohammedan despotism but for European freedom and civilization. We are fighting, not *for* Turkey, but *against* Russia. We are doing what the very difficulties we encounter show us ought to have been done long ago. We are doing that for which so favorable an opportunity may never occur again. We are doing that which, if not done now, will in all human likelihood be done never. We are engaged in the task of controlling and beating back a Power which already overshadows half of Asia and three-fourths of Europe, which a

few more years of supine inaction on our part and of tolerated encroachment on hers may make absolutely irresistible, and whom we know to be the resolute, instinctive, conscientious foe of all that we hold dearest and most sacred—of human rights, of civil liberty, of enlightened progress. A little more sleep, and a little more folding of the hands to rest—a little more pausing in apathy as we have been doing year after year, step after step, conquest after conquest,—and Russia would have been supreme at the Sound and on the Dardanelles, and the chance of saving civilization and assuring freedom have been lost for ever.

This is no exaggerated language, though to those who have not watched the past or read the alarming indications of the present, it may appear so. Look at the map of Russia: look at the secret hopes and terrors of nearly every Court in Europe and in Asia. At the accession of Peter the Great, Russia was confined to her original inhospitable deserts and dreary steppes. She had access to no sea-board except the Arctic Ocean. She had no commerce, no influence, no name. She was scarcely more known or more powerful than Borneo or Cochin-China. See what she is now. Read how she has thus changed her position and her destiny. Every province of her vast dominions which is of any value, has been gained by conquest, within a century and a half. The Livonian Provinces, Finland, Poland, the Ukraine, Bessarabia, the Delta of the Danube, the shores of the Black Sea—are all the spoils of recent robberies, and the means to further ones which are projected and not concealed. She keeps on foot an enormous army. She numbers 65,000,000 of people; and the Czar boasts that 800,000 men annually reach the military age, and that he can spend them all without encroaching on the capital of his population. And the will which wields this mighty force is hampered by no constitutional limits or Parliamentary impediments, and enfeebled and endangered by no repressed aspirations after self-government on the part of his subjects.

A very brief glance at facts will show how vast is the indirect power which the Emperor of Russia exercises and has long exercised over all the neighboring States. We have for years felt the effects of his intrigues and the potency of his name on the wild tribes and Princes who border on our Indian dominions. In Persia, notwithstanding our proximity and our command over the Persian Gulf, his influence almost always predominates over our own. The Shah has been able to retain scarcely any courage for independent action; and the Caspian Sea is exclusively and indisputably Russian. No other vessels but Russian ones are allowed there. Over Turkey

the Czar has for generations wielded an influence admirably enforced by intrigue and terror. He has robbed her of her fairest provinces, and till the premature and excessive pretensions of Prince Menschikoff roused the latent spirit of resistance, scarcely a shadow of real liberty seemed left. Over the miserable kingdom of Greece, as we have just seen, Russia exercises an unbounded sway. Denmark is at this moment trembling on a verge of a revolution provoked by the utter subservience of the Court to Russian influence. Sweden dared not, with France and England to support her, venture to offend her mighty neighbor by accepting back at our hands a small portion of the territory which had been wrenched from her. The Prussian Court is the mere servile puppet of her designs, and the army sympathizes with the Court. The smaller Powers of Germany, holding the sceptres of their tyranny only by the terror of her name, crouch before her with an abject and a fawning gratitude; while of the mighty spell of fear she has cast even over all her neighbors, no more striking proof could be adduced than that Austria—a first-rate Empire, formerly immeasurably her superior, with an army of 300,000 men, and with the alliance of France and England to ensure her the victory and guarantee her against consequences—positively *dares* not commit herself to actual hostilities, but must wait to strike till she is assured that her dreaded competitor is dead or disabled. Italy, Spain, and Portugal, are for all political purposes non-existent; Belgium and Holland are too feeble to be reckoned; France and England alone venture to make head against the terrible Colossus:—over all the rest of the Western hemisphere she exercises a supreme, benumbing, paralyzing influence, strangely and ignominiously compounded of admiration, dread and sinister desires.

Such is her influence already. We have felt it at every point and crisis of this dispute, from its earliest commencement. We have felt it at every stage of our diplomatic labors. We have felt it in every particular of our military operations. We are feeling it at this moment most fearfully in the Crimea. For, to what is our desperate struggle and our perilous position there to be attributed, except to the formidable shadow of Russia, which, resting upon Germany, has tied the hands and subdued the will of Austria in the Principalities? The ultimate issue of the contest we do not believe can be for a moment doubtful; but in the meantime Russia is able now not only to hold her ground against the two mightiest States in the world, but to keep the rest of Europe in check:—what would have been the position and what the prospect of the conflict, if it had been delayed, as some wished to have delayed it, till Russia had ob-

tained the keys of the Black Sea and the Baltic—till the Sound and the Bosphorus had been commanded by forts like those of Cronstadt and Sebastopol—till a net-work of railways from the centre to the circumference of her vast dominions, had deprived us of almost our sole superiority, and made the transport of armies and their stores as easy and as rapid to her by land as it is now to us by sea? She would then have become absolutely and hopelessly unassailable. A hundred thousand men at each of her great outlets would have sufficed; we could not have got at her; and the whole of the German Powers must have become her helpless and unrescuable vassals.

And does any one affect to doubt that towards this consummation she was steadily and rapidly marching,—with steps that, though pausing often, never went backwards,—and which must sooner or later, nay at no distant period, and on the first occasion when England and France were either at variance or occupied, have compelled the collision which has now taken place. And if we are beginning to suspect, as we well may, that the work we have undertaken will task all our energies and all our resources, even now, what would it have been if deferred till a period when we might have been incomparably weaker and worse prepared, and our antagonist immeasurably strengthened? If the victory is no easy one—if Russia seems almost able to defy Europe in arms—when we can blockade both St. Petersburg and Sebastopol, how should we have stood when it had become impossible to approach within 300 miles of either? If any one believes that Russia was not on the high road and travelling express both to Copenhagen and Constantinople, we really cannot condescend to reason with him. If any one believes that it would have been easier to stop her at any future time than we find it to be now, all reasoning would be lost upon him.

But the die is cast—wise and fortunately, as we think. If we find Russia even now a more obstinate antagonist in the field than we had anticipated, and her secret influence over the Courts of Northern and Central Europe more rooted and diffused; if, too, it is certain that every additional year that passed over our head would have found her increasingly more powerful and more formidable,—what would be the state of the case if we were now to be baffled and discomfited, or to get tired of the war and wish to back out of it, or to change our conviction of the necessity and righteousness of the war, and therefore be willing to end it upon terms which would leave the object for which we entered into it unattained? Where, then, would be the limits to the overshadowing might of Russia? If France and England allied had tried to curb her and had failed in the attempt, what

Power or combination of Powers would in future venture to renew the hopeless enterprise? What diplomatists could hope to baffle her intrigues? What Court to resist her dictation? What armaments to meet her countless and victorious legions? She would reign over Europe from the Ural Mountains to the Alps and Apennines, if not to the Pyrenees, without a rival and without a check.

And can any one doubt the effect of this omnipotence—the character of this predominating influence, or the direction in which it would be exercised? Knowing the despotic principles as well as the despotic temper of the Emperor—cognizant of the peculiar mental features of the Slavonic race—taught by history and our own observation the sort of future which Europe must expect when Russia was supreme,—who can question for a moment that such supremacy would be systematically and directly fatal to all those principles and institutions for which our fathers shed their blood and to which we owe our glory, our progress, and our wealth? Freedom of trade, freedom of movement, freedom of thought, freedom of worship, are all proscribed as deadly sins in the Decalogue of Muscovy. Russia is the type and asserter of Oriental absolutism; we and our allies are the symbols and the champions of intellectual activity and unfettered aspiration; she proclaims the Divine right of monarchs—we teach the sovereignty of the people; our idol is her abomination—our *summum bonum* is her embodiment of evil. Between ideas and objects so opposite and irreconcilable there can be no friendship and no compromise: we must conquer or succumb. And what a lesson do we learn—what encouragement in our arduous task—from looking at the countries which Russia has subdued or absorbed? Is there one of them, whatever was its condition before, to which her rule has proved a blessing and not a curse? Has she spread even material civilization through one of them? The harassed principalities, ravaged Bessarabia, the depopulated Crimea, desolated Poland, are all so many warnings to us to persevere till we have gained our end. To persist and to conquer in the strife has become a necessity for us. The object is as great and as clear as ever; the cause as righteous and as imperative as ever; and to the deliberate sense of duty and of policy which first urged us into the war, is superadded the conviction that to fail now would be not so much defeat as ruin. In conclusion:—If war be ever justifiable save in the immediate attitude of self-defence; if it be permissible in any case to anticipate a blow so as better to ward it off; if to fight anywhere save on our own shores be ever right; if we are not to stand for ever

aloof in cold indifference to the welfare and the existence of other States; if there be such things as social duties among nations; finally, if it be as right to draw the sword in defence

of the highest interests of humanity as of our own material possessions,—we in our hearts believe that history can rarely point to a war so just, so holy, and so imperative as this.

THE RUSSIAN EXPOSITION OF 1855.

WE have to welcome a new class of volunteer assistance in the war. Sir Joseph Paxton, addressing the electors of Coventry, has claimed for science a share in the enterprise against Russia. Others have seen how little progress this country appears to have made in imparting to war the intellectual progress that may be desired in every other branch of human enterprise.

We are still sending out, observes the "Times," more armies on the old plan, unaided by modern appliances; men to conquer, observes the "Morning Post," by sheer brute force and courage, when the elements of force have been so greatly multiplied by mechanical science. The Lancaster gun and Chalmers howitzer are the only exceptions to the rule of excluding scientific improvements from the conduct of the war. Our army clothing is made in improved machines; our soldiers are taught in improved schools; they are carried over in improved steamships; their food is packed in an improved way; we receive intelligence of their action by the last improved telegraph,—and in short everything about them is improved, even down to some few of their own weapons, except the entire fashion of carrying on warfare.

While theoretical science thus lectures our Government on what is undoubtedly the true grand omission, practical science volunteers its assistance. Some one is said to have offered to take any Russian fort by contract, for a sufficient consideration. Mr. James Nasmyth, of Manchester, offers his steam-hammer, as a means of making wrought-iron guns in any quantity, of such calibre and power as to send shells and shots on the Minié rifle plan, of two or three hundred weight, distances that would keep us beyond the reach of the enemy's missiles; and his plans and designs are before the Government.

Mr. A. M. Perkins, son of the inventor of the steam-gun, announces his readiness to supply the Government with a steam-gun capable of throwing a ball of a ton weight a distance of five miles. "If such a gun were fixed in Brunel's large ship of 10,000 tons," he says, "I venture to say that Sebastopol would be destroyed without losing a man." Mr. Perkins dates his letter from "the Patent Hot-Water Apparatus Manufactory,"—which looks like a cunning threat of the position in which the Czar might find himself. "How dangerous!" an old lady was overheard to exclaim, on seeing Perkins's steam-musket, which sent out a stream of bullets like a fire-engine hose; "how dangerous it must be to

be in front of it!" The Czar would think so; but we spare his feelings. Imagine balls a ton weight racing over London from some place a mile beyond Highgate!

Seriously, these proposals are worth a winter's thought. Active operations will be suspended, but our vote decidedly would be for trying Nasmyth's cannon-making steam-hammer and Perkins's ton-weight steam cannon-balls next spring. The Council of War requires new auxiliaries; and the reformed Royal Society may prove its vitality and utility by lending its aid in this new union of military art and practical science.—*Spectator*, 2 Dec.

EPITAPH ON WILLIAM LILLY.—At a country sale, a few months back, I picked up one of Lilly's "Astrological Almanacks" for 1651. On the blank side of the title-page, in a handwriting almost coeval with the date of publishing, is the following:—

EPITAPHIUM PSEUDO-PROPHETÆ GUIL, LILLY.

Here lyeth hee, that lyed in ev'ry page;
The scorn of men, dishonor of his age;
Parliament's pandar, and y^e nation's cheat;
Y^e kingdom's juggler, impudency's seat;
The armyes spanyill, and y^e gen^l rall's witch;
Y^e divell's godson, grandchilde of a b—;
Clergy's blasphemmer, enemy to y^e king;
Under y^e dunghill lyes y^e filthy y^e;
Lilly y^e wise men's hate, fooles adoration;
Lilly y^e { excrement } of y^e English nation.

Notes and Queries.

RUB SOFTLY.—"T is all very well," said my godfather, putting in his oar,—"'tis all very well, that rubbing down and polishing off, provided 'tis done in moderation; but let me tell you, there is such a thing as *rubbing too hard*. I have seen an American Indian rubbing two pieces of rough wood together; after a little time, they became a great deal smoother, and had a pleasant warm feel; but when he rubbed away some time longer, they took fire, blazed up, and crackled, and sputtered in all directions. Now, 'tis just the same thing, I suspect, in married life. Rub quietly, and only a little at a time, and all will go on smoothly; but if you stick to it, hard and fast, from morning to night, take my word for it, you will kindle up a blaze at last that you may not find it easy to put out."—*Dublin University Magazine*.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A FEW PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR."

[The ensuing brief but interesting and affecting sketch of one so long the glory of The Magazine, was written by the author for the purpose of his forthcoming "MISCELLANIES;" but at our request he has allowed it first to appear in the columns of The Magazine so long irradiated by the genius of Professor WILSON.]

On a bright and frosty day in December, 1827, as I was quitting the mathematical class in the University of Edinburgh, of which I had been a member about two months, one of my class-fellows said suddenly, "If you want to see Christopher North, he's yonder!" This my companion knew to have been long my desire, for I was, in those early days, one of Christopher North's most enthusiastic admirers. My curiosity was gratified in a moment. Walking rapidly across the quadrangle, towards his classroom (that of Moral Philosophy,) with a sort of hasty, impetuous step, as though he were behind his time, was Professor Wilson, then in the very prime of life.* A faded, tattered gown, put on carelessly, fluttered in the keen wind, and seemed a ludicrous appendage to as fine, tall, manly a figure, and free, fearless bearing, as I have ever looked upon. As he came nearer, his limbs and their motions gave the idea of combined strength, agility, and grace; and there was a certain sort of frank, buoyant unaffectedness about his demeanor that seemed to indicate light-heartedness of great mental and physical endowments. When he came near enough for his face to be seen with distinctness, in it I forgot everything else about him; and I shall never forget the impression it produced. What a magnificent head! How finely chiselled his features! What compression of the thin but beautifully formed lips! What a bright, blue, flashing

"Eye, like Mars, to threaten or command!"

Add to all this the fair, transparent complexion, flowing auburn hair, and the erect, commanding set of his head upon his shoulders, and surely no Grecian sculptor could have desired anything beyond it. As for his eye, it lightened on me as he passed, and suddenly disappeared.

I had seen power and genius visibly embodied; and, in a word, I think that never before or since, can any celebrated man's personal appearance have so far surpassed an admirer's expectation as Professor Wilson's air, face, and figure went beyond what I had imagined. I say this calmly, after the lapse of twenty-seven years, during which I have a thousand times recalled the scene which I have now faintly sketched for the reader; assuring him, that no one then knowing this gifted and far-famed man, will think my sketch too highly colored.

As I heard that many more were crowding into his class-room than were entitled to do so, I

followed their example, discarding from my thoughts for the nonce all poor Professor Wallace's sines, co-sines, triangles, and parallelograms; and when I entered the Moral Philosophy class, I found that Professor Wilson had just begun his lecture. He read it with considerable rapidity, as it were, vehemently urging his words out of lips, compressed with the natural energy of his character. Professor Sedgwick, of Cambridge, when speaking in public, has sometimes reminded me of Professor Wilson's manner.

The lecture was eloquent, and greatly relished by the auditory. A small incident showed how he was absorbed with his subject, though the lecture was probably one that he had often read to his class. He had taken out his pocket-handkerchief, and after drawing it across his forehead, crushed it up, and placed it on the left hand side of his paper, partly under a book. By-and-by he required his handkerchief, and felt first in one pocket, then in the other; then in his breast, then glanced hastily round, evidently in quest of his handkerchief, but without pausing for a moment in the flow of his impassioned rhetoric. These efforts he renewed several times; but it was not till he had finished his lecture, that he suddenly saw what he had been looking for, and which we had seen all the while. He uttered aloud "Oh!" as he thrust it into his pocket, and withdrew. I have several times reminded him of this little circumstance, and he always laughed heartily, saying, "Very likely—very probable. I'm very thoughtless about such things." All I recollect of his lecture was, that it dealt much with Plato, but I was completely occupied with Wilson, feeling that I could pay my respects to Plato at any time. I am bound to say, that this distinguished man did not favorably impress me as a Lecturer on Moral Philosophy; inasmuch as he seemed to lack that calm, didactic manner, alone befitting the treatment of difficult, profound abstract subjects. I think those who frequented his class, must have found it difficult to realize what they had heard from him. I do not, indeed, recollect seeing any one taking notes; but I do recollect thinking one or two passages in his lecture very fine.

I did not see Professor Wilson again, except perhaps casually, and at a distance, till a few days before I quitted Edinburgh, in the autumn of 1828. I had no opportunity of meeting him in society; and I was resolved not to leave Scotland without being able to say, that I had spoken to Professor Wilson. But how was this to be done? Having been informed that he had concurred with Professor Pillans, in awarding me the prize for English poetry,* I thought, after many qualms and misgivings, that an allusion to that circumstance might, to a generous man of genius, serve to take off the edge of the liberty I proposed to myself, of calling, as a student quitting the university, to pay my parting respects to one of the Professors. So one afternoon, after walking hesitatingly up and down the street in which he lived, and other adjoining ones, I summoned up spirit enough to call at his house, and

* He was in his forty-third year.

* The Martyr Patriots, Warren's Miscellanies, vol. ii.

inquire if he were at home. The answer was, yes; and on being asked my name, I mentioned it, adding, "a student in the university." In a moment or two's time the servant returned, saying, "The Professor would see me." Somewhat nervously I followed, and in a moment found myself, if I am not mistaken, in his library. The room had a disordered appearance, as if its occupant were careless. He had a loose wrapper round him, his shirt collar was thrown open, and he seemed writing. "Pray take a seat," said he, addressing me by name; and then his piercing eyes were fixed on me with what I thought a slightly impatient curiosity. "I feel, sir, that I have taken a great liberty," I began; "but I am an English student, with very few friends in Scotland, and before leaving the university and Scotland, I felt anxious to have the honor of paying my parting respects to you." "Oh, well, I am much obliged to you. So you are leaving the university? Are you the Mr. Warren that gained the prize for English verse?" I told him I was; on which his whole manner altered, and became exceedingly cordial and gracious, and his smile was fascinating. "Well," said he, as you are an Englishman at a Scotch University, I was a Scotchman at an English University—at Oxford;—and he talked with animation on the topic. I explained that the reason why I could not attend his, among other classes, was that I wished to enter at an inn of court immediately. "Oh, pho!" said he, laughing good-humoredly, "you have not lost much by missing my lectures! You must read for yourself on these subjects." After some other conversation, I happened to say: "There is only one other person besides yourself, sir, whom I should have liked to see before returning to England." "Who's that?" he asked "Mr. De Quincey, the 'Opium-Eater.'" "Mr. De Quincey! Why, he's staying with me now! Well, I dare say I can manage that for you. Come in to-morrow evening about nine o'clock, and I'll introduce you to him. I shall be most happy to see you!" He said this with so much kindness that I accepted the invitation; and after he had shaken my hand with much friendship of manner, I withdrew, he instantly resuming his pen.

On making my appearance next evening at the appointed hour, I was at once shown into the drawing-room, where were Mrs. Wilson, evidently a very amiable and kindly woman, and some of her children. In about ten minutes' time, Professor Wilson made his appearance, with one or two other gentlemen, to whom he was talking very energetically. He presently saw me, and shook hands with me cordially. "Oh, you want to see Mr. De Quincey!—come here!"—and leading me into the back room, towards a door which stood open, in the angle formed by it with the wall, stood a little, slight man, dressed in black, pale, careworn, and with a very high forehead. "Mr. De Quincey, this is a young friend of mine—a student in the university, returning to England." After a few words of course, he left us; but Mr. De Quincey seemed exceedingly languid. He spoke courteously, though evidently disinclined to talk. Shortly before we went down to supper, Professor Wil-

son said, "You shall sit opposite to Mr. De Quincey"—and I think, he added in a whisper and with a smile, "it will be a queer kind of wine that you will see him drinking!" Presently we went down to supper. Nothing could exceed the gentle, unaffected kindness to me of Mrs. Wilson, whom I never saw again after that evening. I saw her watching me once or twice, with a good natured, amused smile, as she saw me intent upon Mr. De Quincey, and his doings! I cannot at this distance of time pretend to say that his small decanter contained coffee; assuredly it was not wine, but exact: resembled laudanum. He was taciturn for some time, but gradually fell into conversation, in which Professor Wilson joined with vivacity. It was on some metaphysical subject; and at length I well recollect that the discussion turned on the nature of *Forgetfulness*. "Is such a thing as forgetting possible to the human mind?" asked Mr. De Quincey—Does the mind ever actually lose anything forever? Is not every impression it has once received, reproducible? How often a thing is suddenly recollected that had happened many, many years before, but never been thought of since till that moment! Possibly a suddenly developed power of recollecting every act of a man's life may constitute the Great Book to be opened before him on the judgment day." I think this is the substance of what was said on the subject, Professor Wilson making several curious remarks as to the nature of mind, memory, and suggestion. I ventured to say—and it was the only thing I did venture to say—that I knew an instance of a gentleman who in hastily jumping from on board the "Excellent," to catch a boat that was starting for shore, missed it, and fell into the water of Portsmouth harbor, sinking to a great depth. For awhile he was supposed drowned. He afterwards said, that all he remembered after plunging into the water was a sense of freedom from pain, and a sudden recollection of all his past life, especially of guilty actions that he had long forgotten. Professor Wilson said that if this were so, it was indeed very startling; and I think Mr. De Quincey said that he also had heard of one, if not two or three such cases.

I was so absorbed with watching and listening to the conversation of Professor Wilson and Mr. De Quincey, that I left almost supperless, in spite of the kindly pressure of Mrs. Wilson. I often saw her look, as I fancied, with fond interest at her famous husband, whose demeanor had a noble simplicity. His eyes sometimes seemed to glitter and flash with the irrepressible fire of genius. I watched him with lynx-like vigilance; but all was spontaneous and genuine; not a vestige of artifice, affectation or display; no silly "inflicting his eye on you;" but all, whether grave or frolicsome, the exuberance of a gloriously-gifted man of genius. And see how hospitable and kind he was to a young English stranger whom he had never seen till the preceding day! Before I left, he asked me much about my intentions and prospects; wished me heartily well; and when about eleven o'clock, I had shaken hands with him and got into the street, the sun of GENIUS no longer shone on

me, and I felt dull, and indeed in the dark. As I walked home, I thought myself a poor pigmy that had just been entertained by a good-humored giant!

I never saw any man who looked the man of genius he was, but Professor Wilson. Next to him was Sir Walter Scott. Him I first saw in his fifty-seventh year, when I was at college, in Edinburgh, and had wandered one day, in, I think, the month of June, into one of the law courts to hear Mr. Jeffrey plead. The latter's face, let me say, in passing, appeared to me that of an acute, refined, sensitive, and somewhat irritable man, but not indicative of power. I had been standing for some time in the Court of Session, in which Sir Walter Scott was one of the principal clerks, who sat at a table below the judges, when my eye fell upon an elderly man, one of those sitting at the table, wearing a rusty looking old stuff gown. His chin rested on his left hand, and his right hung by his side with a pen in it. Without having an idea who he was, my attention was soon arrested by his lofty forehead, and a pair of eyes that seemed gazing dreamily into a distant world unseen by any but himself. The more I looked at those eyes, the more remarkable appeared their character and expression; not bright, or penetrating, but invested with a grand, rapt, profound air. He sat motionless as a statue, apparently lost to all that was passing around him. A sudden suspicion arose within me that I was looking on the mighty Northern novelist, who had publicly avowed himself the author of *Waverley* in the preceding February. To make assurance doubly sure, I asked a person standing beside me, who that was, indicating him. "Whaur d'ye come frae?" said he, looking at me rather contemptuously; "d'ye no ken that's Sir Walter!" Almost while this was being said, Sir Walter Scott seemed to rouse himself from a reverie, and soon afterwards wrote rapidly on several sheets of paper, and then quitted the Court, leaning on his stick, and walking very lame.

Professor Wilson's noble countenance indicated, to even an ordinary observer, the impulsive energy of his character—daring and generous—also acuteness, refinement and power;—one, in short, to fear, to admire, and to love.—Everything petty and mean, he spurned with a scorn that was magnificent; to obscure and timid genius, he extended, with tender kindness, the hand of, as it were, the King of Letters. To pretenders, however, of all sorts, he was utterly merciless; to them the crutch of Christopher was annihilation. It was fine to hear him talk on such a subject; his eye, his lip, his voice, his gesture, all in fierce and vivid accord.

As an instance of his watchfulness of literary merit, when newly manifested, I recollect his once saying to me, "By the way, do you know any one in the Temple—a special pleader, or something of that kind—called Moile—Nicholas Thirning Moile?" I told him that I had never heard of the name; on which he pressed me much, and said, "Try to find out, then, for he is a very clever fellow. He has just published a sort of poetical version of two or three of the

State Trials, which I have read, and formed a high opinion of them. Some parts are beautiful—he's a man of genius. I shall review his book in the *Magazine*; and his opinion of the performance may be seen in No. 288.

Professor Wilson read with prodigious rapidity, and it was an *exhaustive* reading; he gathered the purpose, scope, and character of a work, on even a difficult subject, at almost a glance. Instances of this have come under my personal knowledge; and I know the pages in *Blackwood's Magazine* which attest Christopher North's marvellous rapidity and accuracy of critical judgment. As a critic, his perceptions were exquisite, and his resources boundless. He could put a new or an old idea into a sort of kaleidoscopic variety of striking and novel aspects, and with a charming facility. He could bring out a meaning often more distinctly and happily than his author himself. His rich, comprehensive, and penetrating criticism shed new splendor over Homer, Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, and whomsoever else he wished to set before his own and his reader's eye.

One of his most distinguished contemporaries, not apt to bestow eulogy lavishly or unworthily, —I mean Mr. Hallam,—in his *introduction to the Literature of Europe*, while sketching the character of Spenser, thus alludes to a fine series of papers by Professor Wilson on the *Fairy Queen*: "It has been justly observed by a living writer, of the most ardent and enthusiastic genius, whose eloquence is as the rush of mighty waters, and has left it for others, almost as invidious, to praise in terms of less rapture, as to censure what he has borne along in the stream of unhesitating eulogy, 'that no poet has ever had a more exquisite sense of the beautiful than Spenser.'" adding, in a note, "I allude here to a very brilliant series of papers on the *Fairy Queen*, published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, during the years 1834 and 1835." I think the observation which the Professor makes concerning Spenser, may be well applied to the gifted critic himself. I fear, however, that I am wandering too far from the object of this humble tribute to the memory of Professor Wilson.

I never heard him speak in disparaging terms of any of his contemporaries; but how tremendous, in his earlier years, were his flagellations of those whom he considered deserving of them as literary offenders, is known to all well-informed literary readers. I have conversed with him much about literary men, and often admired his forbearing and generous spirit.

Shortly after Mr. Dickens had so suddenly eclipsed in popularity all his contemporaries, Professor Wilson spoke to me of him in terms of high admiration, as a man of undoubted and great genius; and he spoke of "Nelly as a beautiful creation."

Professor Wilson told me that there were two things he specially hated—letter-writing, and being "made a lion of," or, as I recollect him saying contemptuously, "a lionet." As for letter-writing I never received from him but one in my life; and that was written on half a sheet of paper, evidently the blank sheet of some old letter. Mentioning a late accomplished dignitary of the

church, he said, laughingly, "—— will continue writing to me, though I never answer his letters, nor will!" One of those letters happened to contain a friendly allusion to myself, and he sent it to me through a common friend, thinking it would please me.

He never called on me in the Temple but once; and then sat a long time, asking a multitude of questions about the Temple, its history, the nature of chamber life, etc., etc., with lively interest; almost suggesting that he might be thinking of writing something on the subject.

He used to be a daily visitor at Messrs. Blackwood's saloon,* in George Street, to chat with them and one or two other friends, read the newspapers, and skim over the magazines, reviews and new publications. He was much attached to all the Blackwoods, giving them many proofs of his zealous and affectionate good will. How pleasantly have I chatted with him in that saloon! How fresh and genial he always was! How sly his humor! How playfully his eye glittered while he was good-humoredly making fun of you! How racy his comments on literary and political topics! How ready and correct his knowledge in all kinds of subjects, even while he professed "to know very little about them!"

I saw him last in that saloon, towards the close of September, 1851. I had been for ten days in Edinburgh, superintending — as that was the long vacation — a work which was on the eve of publication, and had lived quite secluded all the time. In passing hastily through the saloon with some proofs in my hand, I came upon Professor Wilson, sitting there as usual; but I had not seen him for several years. He had become a great deal stouter than I had ever seen him before; he was also aged much; but his face was as fine, his eye as bright, and his manner as delightful as ever. He did not, however, speak with his former energy. "They tell me," said he, laughing good-humoredly, "that you've quite buried yourself since you have been here! What have you been about?" I told him. "Aye, it's a capital

title, and promises well. You have set us all gaping to know what we're to have! Tell me what it's about—I'm anxious to hear. What's your *idea*?" I told him, as briefly as I could. "Let me hear some of it," said he, after I had given him my notions of the scope of the work; and I read him, at his desire, a considerable portion. How I recollect his full, keen eyes, watchfully fixed upon me as I read!

The next, and last time I saw him, was also the last time that he left his own house. During the intervening years, he had had a paralytic seizure, which affected his powers of motion and speech, and to some extent his mental faculties. He had driven up to Mr. Blackwood's door, accompanied by a fond daughter, for the purpose of congratulating one in whom he had always felt deep interest, on his approaching marriage. I was in the saloon at the time; but on being told that he would be pleased to see me, though he was feeble and could not converse, I went to the carriage door. Shall I ever forget father and daughter,* as they sat opposite to each other, she eyeing her gifted but afflicted father with such tender anxiety! Never! His hat was off, and his countenance, on which fell the rays of setting sunlight, was fine as ever; his *eye was not dim*, nor did his *natural force seem abated*, as he sat, and looked at me, and stretched forth his hand; but when he attempted to speak, alas! it was in words few, indistinct, and unintelligible. To me it was an affecting moment—but a moment; for he was not allowed to become excited. Again he shook my hand; and I had looked my last on Professor Wilson. The next I heard of him was his peaceful death; and then a burial befitting one of the great men of Scotland.

I am almost ashamed to commit to the press this sudden and spontaneous, but poor tribute to the memory of such a man of genius and goodness. I am altogether unequal to the task of his intellectual portraiture; but what I have written is true, and comes from my heart; wherefore I hope it will be accepted in the spirit in which it is offered.

Adieu, Christopher North! Adieu, John Wilson!

SAMUEL WARREN.

* Mrs. Gordon.

THE TURKISH COUNTRY GENTLEMAN. — As there are no liberal professions in Turkey, except the public functions, the class of proprietors is the only one which represents our middle classes, and this is gradually dying away. The Turkish gentleman, who lives on his property, either resides on his farm in the country or in a town-house. In the first, he manages his estate, attends to his house, and exercises hospitality; in the other, the education of his children, prayers, alms, and the enjoyment of the *kef* employs all his time. But he unites with this native indolence and reserve, a dignity, a nobility of feeling, an affection for his children, kindness to his servants and slaves, and a delicacy in his

treatment of the harem, which are truly admirable. He is proud, though without the slightest admixture of vanity, more especially of his religion. He believes that the empire is hurriedly approaching to its end; and if he be rich, he desires that he may be buried in Asia, in the great cemetery of Scutari, in order that the presence of the infidels may not sully the asylum where his bones rest, whenever the Turks have lost Stamboul. He believes in the impossibility of any regeneration of Turkey, and is consequently, as far as his apathy will permit him, a bigoted opponent of reform. — *Sir George Larpent's Turkey.*

* This is a spacious room dedicated by Messrs. Blackwood to the use of their friends, where are lying numerous newspapers and magazines; and ornamented with busts and pictures of their distinguished literary men.

THE SEVEN POOR TRAVELLERS.

Being the extra Christmas No. of Household Words.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

THE FIRST.

STRICTLY speaking, there were only six Poor Travellers; but, being a Traveller myself, though an idle one, and being withal as poor as I hope to be, I brought the number up to seven. This word of explanation is due at once, for what says the inscription over the quaint old door?

RICHARD WATTS, ESQ.,
by his Will, dated 22 Aug. 1579,
founded this Charity
for Six poor Travellers,
who not being ROGUES or PROCTORS,
May receive gratis for one Night,
Lodging, Entertainment,
and Four-pence each.

It was in the ancient little city of Rochester in Kent, of all the good days in the year upon a Christmas Eve, that I stood reading this inscription over the quaint old door in question. I had been wandering about the neighboring Cathedral, and had seen the tomb of Richard Watts, with the effigy of worthy Master Richard starting out of it like a ship's figure-head; and I had felt that I could do no less, as I gave the Verger his fee, than inquire the way to Watts's Charity. The way being very short and very plain, I had come prosperously to the inscription and the quaint old door.

"Now," said I to myself, as I looked at the knocker, "I know I am not a Proctor; I wonder whether I am a Rogue!"

Upon the whole, though Conscience reproduced two or three pretty faces which might have had smaller attraction for a moral Goliath than they had had for me, who am but a Tom Thumb in that way, I came to the conclusion that I was not a Rogue. So, beginning to regard the establishment as in some sort my property, bequeathed to me and divers co-legatees, share and share alike, by the Worshipful Master Richard Watts, I stepped backward into the road to survey my inheritance.

I found it to be a clean white house, of a staid and venerable air, with the quaint old door already three times mentioned, (an arched door, choice little long low lattice-windows, and a roof of three gables. The silent High Street of Rochester is full of gables, with old beams and timbers carved into strange faces.

It is oddly garnished with a queer old clock that projects over the pavement out of a grave red brick building, as if Time carried on business there, and hung out his sign. Sooth to say, he did an active stroke of work in Rochester, in the old days of the Romans, and the Saxons, and the Normans, and down to the times of King John, when the rugged castle—I will not undertake to say how many hundreds of years old then—was abandoned to the centuries of weather which have so defaced the dark apertures in its walls, that the ruin looks as if the rooks and daws had picked its eyes out.

I was very well pleased, both with my property and its situation. While I was yet surveying it with growing content, I espied at one of the upper lattices which stood open, a decent body, of a wholesome matronly appearance, whose eyes I caught inquiringly addressed to mine. They said so plainly, "Do you wish to see the house?" that I answered aloud, "Yes, if you please." And within a minute the old door opened, and I bent my head, and went down two steps into the entry.

"This," said the matronly presence, ushering me into a low room on the right, "is where the travellers sit by the fire, and cook what bits of suppers they buy with their four-pences."

"Oh! Then they have no entertainment?" said I. For, the inscription over the outer door was still running in my head, and I was mentally repeating in a kind of tune, "Lodging, entertainment, and fourpence each."

"They have a fire provided for 'em," returned the matron: a mighty civil person, not, as I could make out, overpaid: "and these cooking utensils. And this what's painted on a board, is the rules for their behavior. They have their fourpences when they get their tickets from the steward over the way—for I don't admit 'em myself, they must get their tickets first—and sometimes one buys a rasher of bacon, and another a herring, and another a pound of potatoes, or what not. Sometimes two or three of 'em will club their fourpences together, and make a supper that way. But, not much of anything is to be got for fourpence, at present, when provisions is so dear."

"True indeed," I remarked. I had been looking about the room, admiring its snug fire-side at the upper end, its glimpse of the street through the low mullioned window, and its beams overhead. "It is very comfortable," said I.

"Ill-convenient," observed the matronly presence.

I liked to hear her say so; for, it showed a commendable anxiety to execute in no niggardly spirit the intentions of Master Richard

Watts. But, the room was really so well adapted to its purpose that I protested, quite enthusiastically, against her disparagement.

"Nay, ma'am," said I, "I am sure it is warm in winter and cool in summer. It has a look of homely welcome and soothing rest. It has a remarkably cosy fireside, the very blink of which, gleaming out into the street upon a winter night, is enough to warm all Rochester's heart. And as to the convenience of the six Poor Travellers——"

"I don't mean them," returned the presence. "I speak of its being an ill-convenience to myself and my daughter having no other room to sit in of a night."

This was true enough, but there was another quaint room of corresponding dimensions on the opposite side of the entry: so, I stepped across to it, through the open doors of both rooms, and asked what this chamber was for?

"This," returned the presence, "is the Board Room. Where the gentlemen meet when they come here."

Let me see. I had counted from the street six upper windows besides these on the ground story. Making a perplexed calculation in my mind, I rejoined, "Then the six Poor Travellers sleep upstairs?"

My new friend shook her head. "They sleep," she answered, "in two little outer galleries at the back, where their beds has always been, ever since the Charity was founded. It being so very ill-convenient to me as things is at present, the gentlemen are going to take off a bit of the back yard and make a slip of a room for 'em there, to sit in before they go to bed."

"And then the six Poor Travellers," said I, "will be entirely out of the house?"

"Entirely out of the house," assented the presence, comfortably smoothing her hands. "Which is considered much better for all parties, and much more convenient."

I had been a little startled, in the cathedral, by the emphasis with which the effigy of Master Richard Watts was bursting out of his tomb; but, I began to think, now, that it might be expected to come across the High Street some stormy night, and make a disturbance here.

Howbeit, I kept my thoughts to myself, and accompanied the presence to the little galleries at the back. I found them, on a tiny scale, like the galleries in old inn yards; and they were very clean. While I was looking at them, the matron gave me to understand that the prescribed number of Poor Travellers were forthcoming every night from year's end to year's end; and that the beds were always occupied. My questions upon this, and her replies, brought us back to the Board Room so essential to the dignity of "the gen-

tlemen," where she showed me the printed accounts of the Charity hanging up by the window. From them, I gathered that the greater part of the property bequeathed by the Worshipful Master Richard Watts for the maintenance of this foundation, was, at the period of his death, mere marsh-land; but that, in course of time, it had been reclaimed and built upon, and was very considerably increased in value. I found, too, that about a thirtieth part of the annual revenue was now expended on the purposes commemorated in the inscription over the door: the rest being handsomely laid out in Chancery, law expenses, collectorship, receivership, poundage, and other appendages of management, highly complimentary to the importance of the six Poor Travellers. In short, I made the not entirely new discovery that it may be said of an establishment like this, in dear Old England, as of the fat oyster in the American story, that it takes a good many men to swallow it whole.

"And pray, ma'am," said I, sensible that the blankness of my face began to brighten as a thought occurred to me, "could one see these Travellers?"

Well! she returned dubiously; no! "Not to-night, for instance?" said I. Well! she returned more positively; no. Nobody ever asked to see them, and nobody ever did see them.

As I am not easily baulked in a design when I am set upon it, I urged to the good lady that this was Christmas Eve; that Christmas comes but once a year—which is unhappily too true, for when it begins to stay with us the whole year round, we shall make this earth a very different place; that I was possessed by the desire to treat the Travellers to a supper and a temperate glass of hot Was-sail; that the voice of Fame had been heard in the land, declaring my ability to make Was-sail; that if I were permitted to hold the feast, I should be found conformable to reason, sobriety, and good hours; in a word, that I could be merry and wise myself, and had been even known at a pinch to keep others so, although I was decorated with no badge or medal, and was not a Brother, Orator, Apostle, Saint, or Prophet of any denomination whatever. In the end, I prevailed, to my great joy. It was settled that at nine o'clock that night, a Turkey and a piece of Roast Beef should smoke upon the board; and that I, faint and unworthy minister for once of Master Richard Watts, should preside as the Christmas-supper host of the six Poor Travellers.

I went back to my inn, to give the necessary directions for the Turkey and Roast Beef, and, during the remainder of the day, could settle to nothing for thinking of the Poor Travellers. When the wind blew hard against

the windows—it was a cold day, with dark gusts of sleet alternating with periods of wild brightness, as if the year were dying fitfully—I pictured them advancing towards their resting-place, along various cold roads, and felt delighted to think how little they foresaw the supper that awaited them. I painted their portraits in my mind, and indulged in little heightening touches. I made them foot-sore; I made them weary; I made them carry packs and bundles; I made them stop by finger-posts and mile-stones, leaning on their bent sticks, and looking wistfully at what was written there; I made them lose their way, and filled their five wits with apprehensions of lying out all night, and being frozen to death. I took up my hat and went out, climbed to the top of the Old Castle, and looked over the windy hills that slope down to the Medway: almost believing that I could descry some of my Travellers in the distance. After it fell dark, and the Cathedral bell was heard in the invisible steeple—quite a bower of frosty rime when I had last seen it—striking five, six, seven; I became so full of my Travellers that I could eat no dinner, and felt constrained to watch them still, in the red coals of my fire. They were all arrived by this time, I thought, had got their tickets, and were gone in.—There, my pleasure was dashed by the reflection that probably some Travellers had come too late, and were shut out.

After the Cathedral bell had struck eight, I could smell a delicious savor of Turkey and Roast Beef, rising to the window of my adjoining bed-room, which looked down into the inn yard, just where the lights of the kitchen reddened a massive fragment of the Castle Wall. It was high time to make the Wassail now; therefore, I had up the materials (which, together with their proportions and combinations, I must decline to impart, as the only secret of my own I was ever known to keep), and made a glorious jorum. Not in a bowl; for, a bowl anywhere but on a shelf, is a low superstition fraught with a cooling and slopping; but in a brown earthenware pitcher, tenderly suffocated when full, with a coarse cloth. It being now upon the stroke of nine, I set out for Watts's Charity, carrying my brown beauty in my arms. I would trust Ben the waiter with untold gold; but there are strings in the human heart which must never be sounded by another, and drinks that I make myself are those strings in mine.

The Travellers were all assembled, the cloth was laid, and Ben had brought a great billet of wood, and had laid it artfully on the top of the fire, so that a touch or two of the poker after supper should make a roaring blaze. Having deposited my brown beauty in a red nook of the hearth inside the fender,

where she soon began to sing like an ethereal cricket, diffusing at the same time, odors as of ripe vineyards, spice forests, and orange groves—I say, having stationed my beauty in a place of security and improvement, I introduced myself to my guests by shaking hands all round, and giving them a hearty welcome.

I found the party to be thus composed.—Firstly, myself. Secondly, a very decent man indeed, with his right arm in a sling; who had a certain clean, agreeable smell of wood about him, from which I judged him to have something to do with shipbuilding. Thirdly, a little sailor-boy, a mere child, with a profusion of rich dark down hair, and deep womanly-looking eyes. Fourthly, a shabby-genteel personage in a threadbare black suit, and apparently in very bad circumstances, with a dry, suspicious look; the absent buttons on his waistcoat eked out with red tape; and a bundle of extraordinarily tattered papers sticking out of an inner breast-pocket. Fifthly, a foreigner by birth, but an Englishman in speech, who carried his pipe in the band of his hat, and lost no time in telling me, in an easy, simple, engaging way, that he was a watchmaker from Geneva, and travelled all about the Continent, mostly on foot, working as a journeyman, and seeing new countries—possibly, (I thought) also, smuggling a watch or so, now and then. Sixthly, a little widow, who had been very pretty, and was still very young, but whose beauty had been wrecked in some great misfortune, and whose manner was remarkably timid, scared, and solitary. Seventhly, and lastly, a Traveller of a kind familiar to my boyhood, but now almost obsolete: a Book-Peddler—who had a quantity of pamphlets and numbers with him, and who presently boasted that he could repeat more verses in an evening, than he could sell in a twelvemonth.

All these I have mentioned, in the order in which they sat at table. I presided, and the matronly presence faced me. We were not long in taking our places, for the supper had arrived with me, in the following procession:—

Myself with the pitcher.

Ben with Beer.

Inattentive Boy with hot plates.	Inattentive Boy with hot plates.
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THE TURKEY.

Female carrying sauces to be heated on the spot.

THE BEEF.

Man with Tray on his head, containing Vegetables and Sundries.

Volunteer Hostler from Hotel, grinning, and rendering no assistance.

As we passed along the High-street, Comet-like, we left a long tail of fragrance behind us, which caused the public to stop, sniffing in wonder. We had previously left at the corner of the inn-yard, a wall-eyed young man connected with the Fly department, and well accustomed to the sound of a railway whistle, which Ben always carries in his pocket: whose instructions were, so soon as he should hear the whistle blown, to dash into the kitchen, seize the hot plum-pudding and mince pies, and speed with them to Watts's Charity—where they would be received (he was further instructed) by the sauce-female, who would be provided with brandy in a blue state of combustion.

All these arrangements were executed in the most exact and punctual manner. I never saw a finer turkey, finer beef, or greater prodigality of sauce and gravy; and my Travellers did wonderful justice to everything set before them. It made my heart rejoice, to observe how their wind-and-frost hardened faces, softened in the clatter of plates and knives and forks, and mellowed in the fire and supper heat. While their hats and caps, and wrappers, hanging up; a few small bundles on the ground in a corner; and, in another corner, three or four old walking sticks, worn down at the end to mere fringe; linked this snug interior with the bleak outside in a golden chain.

When supper was done, and my brown beauty had been elevated on the table, there was a general requisition to me, to "take the corner;" which suggested to me, comfortably enough, how much my friends here made of a fire—for when had I ever thought so highly of the corner, since the days when I connected it with Jack Horner? However, as I declined, Ben, whose touch on all convivial instruments is perfect, drew the table apart, and instructing my Travellers to open right and left, on either side of me, and form round the fire, closed up the centre with myself and my chair, and preserved the order we had kept at table. He had already, in a tranquil manner, boxed the ears of the inattentive boys, until they had been by imperceptible degrees boxed out of the room; and he now rapidly skir-mished the sauce-female into the High-street, disappeared, and softly closed the door.

This was the time for bringing the poker to bear on the billet of wood. I tapped it three times, like an enchanted talisman, and a brilliant host of merrymakers burst out of it, and sported off by the chimney—rushing up the middle in a fiery country dance, and never coming down again. Meanwhile, by their sparkling light, which threw our lamp into the shade, I filled the glasses, and gave my Travellers, CHRISTMAS!—CHRISTMAS EVE, my friends, when the Shepherds, who were Poor

Travellers, too, in their way, heard the Angels sing, "On earth, peace. Good-will towards men!"

I don't know who was the first among us to think that we ought to take hands as we sat, in deference to the toast, or whether any one of us anticipated the others, but at any rate we all did it. We then drank to the memory of the good Master Richard Watts. And I wish his ghost may never have had worse usage under that roof, than it had from us!

It was the witching time for story-telling. "Our whole life, Travellers," said I, "is a story more or less intelligible—generally less; but we shall read it by a clearer light when it is ended. I, for one, am so divided this night between fact and fiction, that I scarce know which is which. Shall we beguile the time by telling stories, in our order as we sit here?"

They all answered, yes, provided I would begin. I had little to tell them, but I was bound by my own proposal. Therefore, after looking for a while at the spiral column of smoke wreathing up from my brown beauty, through which I could have almost sworn I saw the effigy of Master Richard Watts less startled than usual; I fired away.

In the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine, a relative of mine came limping down, on foot, to this town of Chatham. I call it this town, because if anybody present knows to a nicety where Rochester ends and Chatham begins, it is more than I do. He was a poor traveller, with not a farthing in his pocket. He sat by the fire in this very room, and he slept one night in a bed that will be occupied to-night by some one here.

My relative came down to Chatham, to enlist in a cavalry regiment, if a cavalry regiment would have him; if not, to take King George's shilling from any corporal or sergeant, who would put a bunch of ribbons in his hat. His object was, to get shot; but, he thought he might as well ride to death as be at the trouble of walking.

My relative's Christian name was Richard, but he was better known as Dick. He dropped his own surname on the road down, and took up that of Doubledick. He was passed as Richard Doubledick; age twenty-two; height, five foot ten; native place, Exmouth; which he had never been near in his life.—There was no cavalry in Chatham, when he limped over the bridge here, with half a shoe to his dusty foot, so he enlisted into a regiment of the line, and was glad to get drunk and forget all about it.

You are to know that this relative of mine had gone wrong and run wild. His heart was in the right place, but it was sealed up. He

had been betrothed to a good and beautiful girl whom he had loved better than she—or perhaps even he—believed; but in an evil hour, he had given her cause to say to him, solemnly, “Richard, I will never marry any other man. I will live single for your sake, but Mary Marshall’s lips;”—her name was Mary Marshall;—“never address another word to you on earth. Go, Richard! Heaven forgive you!” This finished him. This brought him down to Chatham. This made him private Richard Doubledick, with a determination to be shot.

There was not a more dissipated and reckless soldier in Chatham barracks, in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine, than Private Richard Doubledick. He associated with the dregs of every regiment, he was as seldom sober as he could be, and was constantly under punishment. It became clear to the whole barracks, that Private Richard Doubledick would very soon be flogged.

Now, the Captain of Richard Doubledick’s company was a young gentleman not above five years his senior, whose eyes had an expression in them which affected Private Richard Doubledick in a very remarkable way. They were bright, handsome, dark eyes—what are called laughing eyes, generally, and, when serious, rather steady than severe—but they were the only eyes now left in his narrowed world that Private Richard Doubledick could not stand. Unabashed by evil report and punishment, defiant of everything else and everybody else, he had but to know that those eyes looked at him for a moment, and he felt ashamed. He could not so much as salute Captain Taunton in the street like any other officer. He was reproached and confused—troubled by the mere possibility of the Captain’s looking at him. In his worst moments he would rather turn back and go any distance out of his way, than encounter those two handsome, dark, bright eyes.

One day, when Private Richard Doubledick came out of the Black Hole, where he had been passing the last eight-and-forty hours, and in which retreat he spent a good deal of his time, he was ordered to betake himself to Captain Taunton’s quarters. In the stale and squalid state of a man just out of the Black Hole, he had less fancy than ever for being seen by the Captain; but he was not so mad yet as to disobey orders, and consequently went up to the terrace overlooking the parade ground, where the officers’ quarters were; twisting and breaking in his hands as he went along, a bit of the straw that had formed the decorative furniture of the Black Hole.

“Come in!” cried the Captain, when he knocked with his knuckles at the door. Private Richard Doubledick pulled off his cap,

took a stride forward, and felt very conscious that he stood in the light of the dark, bright eyes.

There was a silent pause. Private Richard Doubledick had put the straw in his mouth, and was gradually doubling it up into his windpipe and choking himself.

“Doubledick,” said the Captain, “Do you know where you are going to?”

“To the Devil, sir!” faltered Doubledick.

“Yes,” returned the Captain. “And very fast.”

Private Richard Doubledick turned the straw of the Black Hole in his mouth, and made a miserable salute of acquiescence.

“Doubledick,” said the Captain, since I entered His Majesty’s service, a boy of seventeen, I have been pained to see many men of promise going that road; but, I have never been so pained to see a man determined to make the shameful journey, as I have been, ever since you joined the regiment, to see you.”

“Private Richard Doubledick began to find a film stealing over the floor at which he looked; also to find the legs of the Captain’s breakfast table turning crooked, as if he saw them through water.

“I am only a common soldier, sir,” said he. “It signifies very little what such a poor brute comes to.”

“You are a man,” returned the Captain, with grave indignation, “of education and superior advantages; and if you say that, meaning what you say, you have sunk lower than I had believed. How low that must be, I leave you to consider; knowing what I know of your disgrace, and seeing what I see.”

“I hope to get shot soon, sir,” said Private Richard Doubledick; “and then the regiment and the world together, will be rid of me.”

The legs of the table were becoming very crooked. Doubledick, looking up to steady his vision, met the eyes that had so strong an influence over him. He put his hand before his own eyes, and the breast of his disgrace jacket swelled as if it would fly asunder.

“I would rather,” said the young Captain, “see this in you, Doubledick, than I would see five thousand guineas counted out upon this table for a gift to my good mother.—Have you a mother?”

“I am thankful to say she is dead, sir.”

“If you praises,” returned the Captain, “were sounded from mouth to mouth through the whole regiment, through the whole army, through the whole country, you would wish she had lived, to say with pride and joy, ‘he is my son!’”

“Spare me, sir,” said Doubledick. “She would never have heard any good of me. She would never have had any pride and joy

in owning herself my mother. Love and compassion she might have had, and would have always had, I know: but not— Spare me, sir! I am a broken wretch, quite at your mercy!" And he turned his face to the wall, and stretched out his imploring hand.

"My friend—" began the Captain.

"God bless you, sir!" sobbed Private Richard Doubledick.

"You are at a crisis of your fate. Hold your course unchanged, a little longer, and you know what must happen. I know even better than you can imagine, that, after that has happened, you are lost. No man who could shed those tears, could bear those marks."

"I fully believe it, sir," in a low, shivering voice, said Private Richard Doubledick.

"But a man in any station can do his duty," said the young Captain, "and in doing it, can earn his own respect, even if his case should be so very unfortunate and so very rare, that he can earn no other man's. A common soldier, poor brute though you called him just now, has this advantage in the stormy times we live in, that he always does his duty before a host of sympathizing witnesses. Do you doubt that he may so do it as to be extolled through a whole regiment, through a whole army, through a whole country? Turn, while you may yet retrieve the past, and try."

"I will! I ask for only one witness, sir," cried Richard, with a bursting heart.

"I understand you. I will be a watchful and a faithful one."

I have heard from Private Richard Doubledick's own lips, that he dropped down upon his knee, kissed that officer's hand, arose, and went out of the light of the dark, bright eyes, an altered man.

In that year, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine, the French were in Egypt, in Italy, in Germany—where not? Napoleon Bonaparte had likewise begun to stir against us in India, and most men could read the signs of the great troubles that were coming on. In the very next year, when we formed an alliance with Austria against him, Captain Taunton's regiment was on service in India. And there was not a finer non-commissioned officer in it—no, nor in the whole line—than Corporal Richard Doubledick.

In eighteen hundred and one, the Indian army were on the coast of Egypt. Next year was the year of the proclamation of the short peace, and they were recalled. It had then become well known to thousands of men, that wherever Captain Taunton, with the dark, bright eyes, led, there, close to him, ever at his side, firm as a rock, true as the sun, and brave as Mars, would be certain to be found,

while life beat in their hearts, that famous soldier, Sergeant Richard Doubledick.

Eighteen hundred and five, besides being the great year of Trafalgar, was a year of hard fighting in India. That year saw such wonders done by a Sergeant-Major, who cut his way single handed through a solid mass of men, recovered the colors of his regiment which had been seized from the hand of a poor boy shot through the heart, and rescued his wounded Captain, who was down, and in a very jungle of horses' hoofs and sabres—saw such wonders done, I say, by this brave Sergeant-Major, that he was specially made the bearer of the colors he had won; and Ensign Richard Doubledick had risen from the ranks.

Sorely cut up in every battle, but always reinforced by the bravest of men—for, the fame of following the old colors, shot through and through, which Ensign Richard Doubledick had saved, inspired all breasts—this regiment fought its way through the Peninsular war, up to the investment of Badajos, in eighteen hundred and twelve.—Again and again it had been cheered through the British ranks until the tears had sprung into men's eyes at the mere hearing of the mighty British voice so exultant in their valor; and there was not a drummer-boy but knew the legend, that wherever the two friends, Major Taunton with the dark, bright eyes, and Ensign Richard Doubledick who was devoted to him, were seen to go, there the boldest spirits in the English army became wild to follow.

One day, at Badajos—not in the great storming, but in repelling a hot sally of the besieged upon our men at work in the trenches, who had given way, the two officers found themselves hurrying forward, face to face, against a party of French infantry who made a stand. There was an officer at their head, encouraging his men—a courageous, handsome, gallant officer, of five and thirty—whom Doubledick saw hurriedly, almost momentarily, but saw well. He particularly noticed this officer waving his sword, and rallying his men with an eager and excited cry, when they fired in obedience to his gesture, and Major Taunton dropped.

It was over in ten minutes more, and Doubledick returned to the spot where he had laid the best friend man ever had, on a coat spread upon the wet clay. Major Taunton's uniform was opened at the breast, and on his shirt were three little spots of blood.

"Dear Doubledick," said he, "I am dying."
"For the love of Heaven, no!" exclaimed the other, kneeling down beside him, and passing his arm round his neck to raise his head.

"Taunton! My preserver, my guardian angel,

my witness! Dearest, truest, kindest of human beings! Taunton! For God's sake!"

The bright, dark eyes—so very, very dark now, in the pale face—smiled upon him; and the hand he had kissed thirteen years ago, laid itself fondly on his breast.

"Write to my mother. You will see Home again. Tell her how we became friends. It will comfort her, as it comforts me."

He spoke no more, but faintly signed for a moment towards his hair as it fluttered in the wind. The Ensign understood him. He smiled again when he saw that, and gently turning his face over on the supporting arm as if for rest, died, with his hand upon the breast in which he had revived a soul.

No dry eye looked on Ensign Richard Doubledick, that melancholy day. He buried his friend on the field, and became a lone, bereaved man. Beyond his duty he appeared to have but two remaining cares in life; one to preserve the little packet of hair he was to give to Taunton's mother; the other, to encounter that French officer who had rallied the men under whose fire Taunton fell. A new legend now began to circulate among our troops; and it was, that when he and the French officer came face to face once more, there would be weeping in France.

The war went on—and through it went the exact picture of the French officer on the one side, and the bodily reality upon the other—until the Battle of Toulouse was fought. In the returns sent home, appeared these words: "Severely wounded, but not dangerously, Lieutenant Richard Doubledick."

At Midsummer time in the year eighteen hundred and fourteen, Lieutenant Richard Doubledick, now a browned soldier, seven and thirty years of age, came home to England, inviolated. He brought the hair with him, near his heart. Many a French officer had he seen, since that day; many a dreadful night, in searching with men and lanterns for his wounded, had he relieved French officers lying disabled; but, the mental picture and the reality had never come together.

Though he was weak and suffered pain, he lost not an hour in getting down to Frome in Somersetshire, where Taunton's mother lived. In the sweet, compassionate words that naturally present themselves to the mind tonight, "he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow."

It was a Sunday evening, and the lady sat at her quiet garden-window, reading the Bible; reading to herself, in a trembling voice, that very passage in it as I have heard him tell. He heard the words; "Young man, I say unto thee, arise!"

He had to pass the window; and the bright dark eyes of his debased time seemed to look at him. Her heart told her who he was; she

came to the door, quickly, and fell upon his neck.

"He saved me from ruin, made me a human creature, won me from infamy and shame. O God, for ever bless him! As He will, He will!"

"He will!" the lady answered. "I know he is in Heaven!" Then she piteously cried, "But, O, my darling boy, my darling boy!"

Never, from that hour when Private Richard Doubledick enlisted at Chatham, had the Private, Corporal, Sergeant, Sergeant-Major, Ensign, or Lieutenant, breathed his right name, or the name of Mary Marshall, or a word of the story of his life into any ear, except his reclamer's. That previous scene in his existence was closed. He had firmly resolved that his expiation should be, to live unknown; to disturb no more the peace that had long grown over his old offences; to let it be revealed when he was dead, that he had striven and suffered, and had never forgotten; and then, if they could forgive him and believe him—well, it would be time enough—time enough!

But, that night, remembering the words he had cherished for two years, "Tell her how we became friends. It will comfort her, as it comforts me," he related everything. It gradually seemed to him, as if in his maturity he had recovered a mother; it gradually seemed to her, as if in her bereavement she had found a son. During his stay in England, the quiet garden into which he had slowly and painfully crept, a stranger, became the boundary of his home; when he was able to rejoin his regiment in the spring, he left the garden, thinking was this indeed the first time he had ever turned his face towards the old colors, with a woman's blessing!

He followed them—so ragged, so scarred and pierced now, that they would scarcely hold together—to Quatre Bras, and Ligny. He stood beside them, in an awful stillness of many men, shadowy through the mist and drizzle of a wet June forenoon, on the field of Waterloo. And down to that hour, the picture in his mind of the French officer had never been compared with the reality.

The famous regiment was in action early in the battle, and received its first check in many an eventful year, when he was seen to fall. But, it swept on to avenge him, and left behind it no such creature in the world of consciousness, as Lieutenant Richard Doubledick.

Through pits of mire, and pools of rain; along deep ditches, once roads, that were pounded and ploughed to pieces by artillery, heavy waggons, tramp of men and horses, and the struggle of every wheeled thing that could carry wounded soldiers; jolted among

the dying and the dead, so disfigured by blood and mud as to be hardly recognizable for humanity; undisturbed by the moaning of men and the shrieking of horses, which, newly taken from the peaceful pursuits of life, could not endure the sight of the stragglers lying by the wayside, never to resume their toilsome journey; dead, as to any sentient life that was in it, and yet alive; the form that had been Lieutenant Richard Doubledick, with whose praises England rang, was conveyed to Brussels. There, it was tenderly laid down in hospital: and there it lay, week after week, through the long bright summer days, until the harvest, spared by war, had ripened and was gathered in.

Over and over again, the sun rose and set upon the crowded city; over and over again, the moonlight nights were quiet on the plains of Waterloo; and all that time was a blank to what had been Lieutenant Richard Doubledick. Rejoicing troops marched into Brussels, and marched out; brothers and fathers, sisters, mothers, and wives, came thronging thither, drew their lots of joy or agony, and departed; so many times a day, the bells rang; so many times, the shadows of the great buildings changed; so many lights sprang up at dusk; so many feet passed here and there upon the pavements; so many hours of sleep and cooler air of night succeeded; indifferent to all, a marble face lay on a bed, like the face of a recumbent statue on the tomb of Lieutenant Richard Doubledick.

Slowly laboring, at last, through a long heavy dream of confused time and place, presenting faint glimpses of army surgeons whom he knew, and of faces that had been familiar to his youth—dearest and kindest among them, Mary Marshall's, with a solicitude upon it more like reality than anything he could discern—Lieutenant Richard Doubledick came back to life. To the beautiful life of a calm autumn-evening sunset. To the peaceful life of a fresh quiet room with a large window standing open; a balcony beyond, in which were moving leaves and sweet-smelling flowers; beyond again, the clear sky, with the sun full in his sight, pouring its golden radiance on his bed.

It was so tranquil and so lovely, that he thought he had passed into another world. And he said in a faint voice, "Taunton, are you near me?"

A face bent over him. Not his; his mother's.

"I came to nurse you. We have nursed you, many weeks. You were moved here, long ago. Do you remember nothing?"

"Nothing."

The lady kissed his cheek, and held his hand, soothing him.

"Where is the regiment? What has hap-

pened? Let me call you mother. What has happened, mother?"

"A great victory, dear. The war is over, and the regiment was the bravest in the field."

His eyes kindled, his lips trembled, he sobbed, and the tears ran down his face. He was very weak: too weak to move his hand.

"Was it dark just now?" he asked presently.

"No."

"It was only dark to me? Something passed away, like a black shadow. But, as it went, and the sun—O the blessed sun, how beautiful it is!—touched my face, I thought I saw a light white cloud pass out at the door. Was there nothing that went out?"

She shook her head, and, in a little while, he fell asleep: she still holding his hand, and soothing him.

From that time he recovered. Slowly, for he had been desperately wounded in the head, and had been shot in the body; but, making some little advance every day. When he had gained sufficient strength to converse as he lay in bed, he soon began to remark that Mrs. Taunton always brought him back to his own history. Then, he recalled his preserver's dying words, and thought, "it comforts her."

One day, he awoke out of a sleep, refreshed, and asked her to read to him. But, the curtain of the bed softening the light, which she always drew back when he awoke, that she might see him from her table at the bedside where she sat at work, was held undrawn; and a woman's voice spoke, which was not hers.

"Can you bear to see a stranger?" it said softly. "Will you like to see a stranger?"

"Stranger!" he repeated. The voice awoke old memories, before the days of Private Richard Doubledick.

"A stranger now, but not a stranger once," it said in tones that thrilled him. "Richard, dear Richard, lost through so many years, my name—"

He cried out her name, "Mary!" and she held him in her arms, and his head lay on her bosom.

"I am not breaking a rash vow, Richard. These are not Mary Marshall's lips that speak. I have another name."

She was married.

"I have another name, Richard. Did you ever hear it?"

"Never!"

He looked into her face, so pensively beautiful, and wondered at the smile upon it through her tears.

"Think again, Richard. Are you sure you never heard my altered name?"

"Never!"

"Don't move your head to look at me, dear Richard. Let it lie here, while I tell my story. I loved a generous, noble man; loved him with my whole heart; loved him for years and years; loved him faithfully, devotedly; loved him with no hope of return; loved him, knowing nothing of his highest qualities—not even knowing that he was alive. He was a brave soldier. He was honored and beloved by thousands of thousands, when the mother of his dear friend found me, and showed me that in all his triumphs he had never forgotten me. He was wounded in a great battle. He was brought, dying, here, into Brussels. I came to watch and tend him, as I would have joyfully gone, with such a purpose, to the dreariest ends of the earth. When he knew no one else, he knew me. When he suffered most, he bore his sufferings barely murmuring, content to rest his head where yours rests now. When he lay at the point of death, he married me, that he might call me Wife before he died. And the name, my dear love, that I took on that forgotten night——"

"I know it now!" he sobbed. "The shadowy remembrance strengthens. It is come back. I thank Heaven that my mind is quite restored! My Mary, kiss me; lull this weary head to rest, or I shall die of gratitude. His parting words are fulfilled. I see Home again!"

Well! They were happy. It was a long recovery, but they were happy through it all. The snow had melted on the ground, and the birds were singing in the leafless thickets of the early spring, when those three were first able to ride out together, and when people flocked about the open carriage to cheer and congratulate Captain Richard Doubledick.

But, even then, it became necessary for the Captain, instead of returning to England, to complete his recovery in the climate of Southern France. They found a spot upon the Rhone, within a ride of the old town of Avignon and within view of its broken bridge, which was all they could desire: they lived there, together, six months; then returned to England. Mrs. Taunton growing old after three years—though not so old as that her bright dark eyes were dimmed—and remembering that her strength had been benefited by the change, resolved to go back for a year to those parts. So, she went with a faithful servant, who had often carried her son in his arms; and she was to be rejoined and escorted home, at the year's end, by Captain Richard Doubledick.

She wrote regularly to her children (as she called them now), and they to her. She went to the neighborhood of Aix; and there, in their own chateau near the farmer's house she rented, she grew into intimacy with a family

belonging to that part of France. The intimacy began, in her often meeting among the vineyards a pretty child: a girl with a most compassionate heart, who was never tired of listening to the solitary English lady's stories of her poor son and the cruel wars. The family were as gentle as the child, and at length she came to know them so well, that she accepted their invitation to pass the last month of her residence abroad, under their roof. All this intelligence she wrote home, piecemeal as it came about, from time to time; and, at last, enclosed a polite note from the head of the chateau, soliciting, on the occasion of his approaching mission to that neighborhood, the honor of the company of *cet homme si justement célèbre, Monsieur le Capitaine Richard Doubledick*.

Captain Doubledick; now a hardy handsome man in the full vigor of life, broader across the chest and shoulders than he had ever been before; despatched a courteous reply, and followed it in person. Travelling through all that extent of country after three years of Peace, he blessed the better days on which the world had fallen. The corn was golden, not drenched in unnatural red: was bound in sheaves for food, not trodden underfoot by men in mortal fight. The smoke rose up from peaceful hearths, not blazing ruins. The carts were laden with the fair fruits of the earth, not with wounds and death. To him who had so often seen the terrible reverse these things were beautiful indeed, and they brought him in a softened spirit to the old chateau near Aix, upon a deep blue evening.

It was a large chateau of the genuine old ghostly kind, with round towers, and extinguishers and a high leaden roof, and more windows than Aladdin's Palace. The lattice blinds were all thrown open, after the heat of the day, and there were glimpses of rambling walls and corridors within. Then, there were immense outbuildings fallen into partial decay, masses of dark trees, terrace-gardens, balustrades; tanks of water, too weak to play and too dirty to work; statues, weeds, and thickets of iron-railing that seemed to have overgrown themselves like the shrubberies, and to have branched out in all manner of wild shapes. The entrance doors stood open, as doors often do in that country when the heat of the day is past; and the Captain saw no bell or knocker, and walked in.

He walked into a lofty stone hall, refreshingly cool and gloomy after the glare of a Southern day's travel. Extending along the four sides of this hall, was a gallery, leading to suites of rooms; and it was lighted from the top. Still, no bell was to be seen.

"Faith," said the Captain, halting, ashamed of the clanking of his boots, "this is a ghostly beginning!"

He started back, and felt his face turn white. In the gallery, looking down at him, stood the French officer: the officer whose picture he had carried in his mind so long and so far. Compared with the original, at last—in every lineament how like it was!

He moved, and disappeared, and Captain Richard Doubledick heard his steps coming quickly down into the hall. He entered through an archway. There was a bright, sudden look upon his face. Much such a look as it had worn in that fatal moment.

Monsieur le Capitaine Richard Doubledick? Enchanted to receive him! A thousand apologies! The servants were all out in the air. There was a little fête among them in the garden. In effect, it was the fête day of my daughter, the little cherished and protected of Madame Taunton.

He was so gracious and so frank, that Monsieur le Capitaine Richard Doubledick could not withhold his hand. "It is the hand of a brave Englishman," said the French officer, retaining it while he spoke. "I could respect a brave Englishman, even as my foe; how much more as my friend! I, also, am a soldier."

"He has not remembered me, as I have remembered him; he did not take such note of my face, that day, as I took of his," thought Captain Richard Doubledick. "How shall I tell him!"

The French officer conducted his guest into a garden, and presented him to his wife: an engaging and beautiful woman, sitting with Mrs. Taunton in a whimsical old-fashioned pavilion. His daughter, her fair young face beaming with joy, came running to embrace him; and there was a boy-baby to tumble down among the orange-trees on the broad steps, in making for his father's legs. A multitude of children-visitors were dancing to sprightly music; and all the servants and peasants about the chateau were dancing too. It was a scene of innocent happiness that might have been invented for the climax of the scenes of Peace which had soothed the captain's journey.

He looked on, greatly troubled in his mind until a resounding bell rang, and the French officer begged to show him his rooms. They went upstairs into the gallery from which the officer had look down; and Monsieur le Capitaine Richard Doubledick was cordially welcomed to a grand outer chamber, and a smaller one within, all clocks, and draperies, and hearths, and brazen dogs, and tiles, and cool devices, and elegance, and vastness.

"You were at Waterloo," said the French officer.

"I was," said Captain Richard Doubledick. "And at Balajos."

Left alone with the sound of his own stern voice in his ears, he sat down to consider. What shall I do, and how shall I tell him? At that time, unhappily, many deplorable duels had been fought between English and French officers, arising out of the recent war; and these duels, and how to avoid this officer's hospitality, were the uppermost thoughts in Captain Richard Doubledick's mind.

He was thinking, and letting the time run out in which he should have dressed for dinner, when Mrs. Taunton spoke to him outside the door, asking if he could give her the letter he had brought from Mary? "His mother above all," the Captain thought. "How shall I tell her?"

"You will form a friendship with your host, I hope," said Mrs. Taunton, whom he hurriedly admitted, "that will last for life. He is so true-hearted and so generous, Richard, that you can hardly fail to esteem one another. If He had been spared," she kissed (not without tears) the locket in which she wore his hair, "he would have appreciated him with his own magnanimity, and would have been truly happy that the evil days were past, which made such a man his enemy."

She left the room; and the Captain walked, first to one window whence he could see the dancing in the garden, then to another window whence he could see the smiling prospect and the peaceful vineyards.

"Spirit of my departed friend," said he, "is it through thee, these better thoughts are rising in my mind! Is it thou who hast shown me, all the way I have been drawn to meet this man, the blessing of the altered time! Is it thou who hast sent thy stricken mother to me, to stay my angry hand! Is from thee the whisper comes, that this man did his duty as thou didst—and as I did, through thy guidance which has wholly saved me, here on earth—and that he did no more!"

He sat down, with his head buried in his hands, and, when he rose up, made the second strong resolution of his life: That neither to the French officer, nor to the mother of his departed friend, nor to any soul while either of the two was living, would he breathe what only he knew. And when he touched that French officer's glass with his own, that day at dinner, he secretly forgave him in the name of the Divine Forgiver of injuries.

Here, I ended my story as the first Poor Traveller. But, if I had told it now, I could have added that the time has since come when the son of Major Richard Doubledick, and the son of that French officer, friends as their fathers were before them, fought side by side in one cause: with their respective nations, like long-divided brothers whom the better times have brought together, fast united.

THE SECOND POOR TRAVELLER.

I AM, by trade (said the man with his arm in a sling), a shipwright. I am recovering from an unlucky chop that one of my mates gave me with an adze. When I am all right again, I shall get taken on in Chatham Yard. I have nothing else in particular to tell of myself, so I'll tell a bit of a story of a seaport town.

Acon-Virlaz the jeweller sat in his shop on the Common Hard of Belleriport smoking his evening pipe. Business was tolerably brisk in Belleriport just then. The great three-decker the Blunderbore (Admiral Pumpkinseed's flag-ship) had just come in from the southern seas with the rest of the squadron, and had been paid off. The big screw line-of-battle ship Fantail, Captain Sir Heaver Cole, K. C. B., had got her blue-peter up for Kamschatka, and her crew had been paid advance wages. The Dundrum war-steamer was fresh coppering in the graving dock, and her men were enjoying a three weeks' run ashore. The Barracouta, the Calabaash, the Skullsmasher, and the Nose-ring had returned from the African station with lots of prize money from captured slavers. The Jollyport division of Royal Marines—who had plenty of money to spend, and spent it, too,—occupied the Marine barracks. The Ninety-eighth Plungers, together with the depot companies of the Fourteenth Royal Screammers, had marched in to relieve the Seventy-third Wrestlers. There was some thought of embodying, for garrison duty, in Belleriport the Seventh or West Swampshire Drabs regiment of Militia. Belleriport was full of sailors, soldiers, and marines. Seven gold-laced cocked hats could be observed on the door steps of the George Hotel at one time. Almost every lady's bonnet in the High Street had a military or naval officer's head looking under it. You could scarcely get into Miss Pyebord the pastrycook's shop for midshipmen. There were so many soldiers in the streets, that you were inclined to take the whole of the population of Belleriport for lobsters, and to imagine that half of them were boiled and the other half waiting to be. The Common Hard was as soft as a feather-bed with sailors. Lieutenant Hook at the Rendezvous was busy all day enrolling A B's, ordinaries, and stout lads. The Royal Grubbington victualling yard was turning out thousands of barrels of salt beef and pork and sea biscuits per diem. Huge guns were being hoisted on board ship; seaman-riggers, calkers, carpenters, and shipwrights, were all some hundreds of degrees busier than bees; and sundry gentlemen in the dockyard, habited in simple suits of drab, marked with the broad arrow—with striped stockings and glazed hats, and after whose personal safety sentinels with fixed

bayonets and warders in oilskin coats affectionately looked—were busy too, in their way; dragging about chain-cables, blocks and spars, and loads of timber, steadily but sulkily; and, in their close-shaven, beetle-browed countenances, evincing a silent but profound disgust.

Acon-Virlaz had not done so badly during Belleriport's recent briskness. He was a jeweller; and sold watches, rings, chains, bracelets, snuff-boxes, brooches, shirt-studs, sleeve-buttons, pencil-cases, and true lovers' knots. But, his trade in jewels did not interfere with his also vending hammocks, telescopes, sou'-wester hats, lime-juice, maps, charts, and log-books, Guernsey shirts, clasp knives, pea-coats, preserved meats, razors, swinging lamps, sea-chests, dancing-pumps, eye-glasses, waterproof overalls, patent blacking, and silk pocket-handkerchiefs emblazoned with the flags of all nations. Nor did his dealings in these articles prevent him from driving a very tidy little business in the purchase of gold dust, elephants' teeth, feathers and bandanas, from home-returned sailors; nor (so the censorious said) from deriving some pretty little profits from the cashing of seamen's advance notes, and the discounting of the acceptances of the officers of her majesty's army and navy; nor (so the downright libellous asserted) from doing a little in the wine line, and a little in the picture line, and a good deal, when occasion required it, in the crimp line.

Acon-Virlaz sat in his shop on the Common Hard of Belleriport smoking his evening pipe. It was in the back shop that Acon-Virlaz sat. Above his head, hung the hammocks, the pilot-trowsers narrow at the knees and wide at the ancles, the swinging lamps, and the waterproof overalls. The front shop loomed dimly through a grove of pea-coats, sou'-wester hats, Guernsey shirts, and cans of preserved meat. One little gas jet in the back-shop—for the front gas was not yet lighted—flickered on the heterogeneous articles hanging and heaped up together all around. The gas just tipped with light the brass knobs of the drawers which ran round all the four sides of the shop, tier above tier, and held Moses knows how many more treasures of watchmaking, tailoring, and outfitting. The gas, just defined by feebly-shining threads, the salient lines and angles of a great iron safe in one corner; and finally the gas just gleamed—twinkled furtively, like a magpie looking into a marrow bone—upon the heap of jewellery collected upon the great slate-covered counter in Acon-Virlaz's back shop.

The counter was covered with slate; for, upon it Acon-Virlaz loved to chalk his calculations. It was ledger, day-book, and journal, all in one. The little curly-headed Jew boy who was clerk, shopman, messenger, and assistant-measurer in the tailoring department

of the establishment, would as soon have thought of eating roast sucking-pig beneath Acon-Virlaz's nose, as of wiping, dusting, or indeed, touching the sacred slate counter without special permission and authority from Acon-Virlaz himself.

By the way, it was not by that name that the jeweller and outfitter was known in Beleriport. He went by a simpler, homelier, shorter appellation: Moses, Levy, Sheeny—what you will; it does not much matter which; for most of the Hebrew nation have an inner name as well as an inner and richer life.

Acon-Virlaz was a little, plump, round, black-eyed, red-lipped, blue-bearded man.—Age had begun to discount his head, and had given him sixty per cent of gray hairs. A-top he was bald, and wore a little skull-cap. He had large fat hands, all creased and tumbled, as if his skin were too large for him; and, on one forefinger, he wore a great cornelian signet-ring, about which there were all sorts of legends. Miriam, his daughter, said—“but what have I to do with Miriam, his daughter? She does not enter into this history at all.

The evening pipe, that Acon-Virlaz was smoking, was very mild and soothing. The blue haze went curling softly upwards, and seemed to describe pleasant figures of £ s. d. as it ascended. Through the grove, across the front shop, Acon-Virlaz could see little specks of gas from the lamps in the street; could hear Barney, his little clerk and shop-boy, softly whistling as he kept watch and ward upon the watches in the front window and the habiliments exposed for sale outside; could hear the sounds of a fiddle from the Admiral Nelson, next door, where the men-of-war-men were dancing; could, by a certain, pleasant, subtle smell from regions yet farther back, divine that Mrs. Virlaz (her father was a Bar-Galli, and worth hills of gold) was cooking something nice for supper.

From the pleasures of his pipe, Acon-Virlaz turned to the pleasures of his Jewellery. It lay there on the slate-covered counter, rich and rare. Big diamonds, rubies, opals, emeralds, sapphires, amethysts, topazes, turquoises, and pearls. By the jewels lay gold. Gold in massy chains, in mourning rings, in massy bracelets, in chased snuff-boxes—in gold snuff, too—that is in dingy, dull dust from the Guinea coast; in flakes and mis-shapen lumps from the mine; in toy-watches, in brave chronometers, in lockets, vinaigrettes, brooches, and such woman's gear. The voice of the watches was dumb; the little flasks were scentless; but, how much beauty, life, strength, power, lay in these colored baubles! Acon-Virlaz sighed.

Here a little clock in the front shop, which nestled ordinarily in the midst of a wilderness of boots, and thought, apparently, a great deal more of itself than its size warranted, after a prodigious deal of running down, gasping and clucking, struck nine. Acon-Virlaz laid down his pipe, and turning the gas a little higher, was about calling out to Mrs. Virlaz, that daughter of Bar-Galli (she was very stout, and fried fish in sky-blue satin), to know what she had got for supper, when a dark body became mistily apparent in the recesses of the grove of Guernsey shirts and sou'-westers, shutting out the view of the distant specks of gas in the street beyond. At the same time, a voice, that seemed to run upon a tramway so smooth and sliding was it, said, three or four times over, “How is to-night with you, Mr. Virlaz—how is it with you this beautiful night? Aha!”

The voice and the body belonged to a gentleman of Mr. Virlaz's persuasion, who was stout and large, and very elastic in limb, and very voluble in delivery, in the which there was, I may remark, a tendency to reiteration, and an oily softness (inducing an idea that the tramway I mentioned had been sedulously greased), and a perceptible lisp. Mr. Virlaz's friend rubbed his hands (likewise smooth and well greased), continually. He was somewhat loosely jointed, which caused him to wag his head from side to side, as he talked, after the fashion of an image; and his face would have been a great deal handsomer if his complexion had not been quite so white and pasty, and his eyes not quite so pink, and both together not quite so like a suet pudding with two raisins in it. Mr. Virlaz's friend's name was Mr. Ben-Daoud, and he came from West-hampton, where he discounted bills and sold clocks.

“Take a seat, Ben,” said the jeweller, when he had recognized his friend and shaken hands with him; “Mrs. V. will be down directly. All well at home? Take a pipe?”

“I will just sit down a little minute, and thank you, Mr. Virlaz,” Ben-Daoud answered volubly; “and all are well but little Zeeky, who has thrushes, and has swoollen, the dear child, much since yesterday; but beg Mrs. Virlaz not to disturb herself for me,—for I am not long here, and will not take a pipe, having a cold, and being about to go a long journey to-morrow. Aha!”

All this, Mr. Ben-Daoud said with the extreme volubility which I have noticed, and in the exact order in which his words are set down, but without any vocal punctuation. There was considerable doubt among the people as to Mr. Ben-Daoud's nationality. Some said that he came from Poland; others that he hailed from Frankfort-on-the-Maine; some inclined to the belief that Amsterdam,

in Holland, was his natal place; some that Gibraltar had given him birth, or the still more distant land of Tangier. At all events, of whatsoever nation he was, or if not of any, he was for all Jewry, and knew the time of the day remarkably well. He had been in the rabbit-skin line of business before he took to selling clocks, to which he added, when regiments were in garrison, at Westhampton, the art of discounting.

"Going on a journey, eh, Ben?" asked Acon-Virlaz. "Business?"

"Oh, business of course, Mr. Virlaz," his friend replied. "Always business. I have some little moneys to look up, and some little purchases to make, and, indeed, humbly wish to turn a little penny; for, I have very many heavy calls to meet next month,—a little bill or two of mine you hold, by the way, among the rest, Mr. Virlaz."

"True," the jeweller said, rather nervously, and putting his hand on a great leathern portfolio in his breast pocket, in which he kept his acceptances; "and shall you be long gone, Mr. Daoud?"

This "Mr. Daoud," following upon the former familiar "Ben," was said without sternness, but spoke the creditor awakened to his rights. It seemed to say, "Smoke, drink, and be merry till your 'accepted payable at such a date' comes due; but pay then, or I'll sell you up like death."

Mr. Ben-Daoud seemed to have an inkling of this; for, he wagged his head, rubbed his hands, and answered, more volubly than ever, "Oh, as to that, Mr. Virlaz, dear sir, my journey is but of two days lasting. I shall be back the day after to-morrow, and with something noticeable in the way of diamonds. Aha!"

"Diamonds!" exclaimed Acon-Virlaz, glancing towards the drawer where his jewels were; for you may be sure he had swept them all away into safety before his friend had completed his entrance. "Diamonds! Where are you going for Diamonds, Ben?"

"Why, to the great fair that is held to-morrow, Mr. Virlaz, as well you know."

"Fair, Ben? Is there any fair to-morrow near Belleripport?"

"Why, bless my heart, Mr. Virlaz," Ben Daoud responded, holding up his fat hands; "can it be that you, so respectable and noticeable a man among our people, don't know that to-morrow is the great jewel fair that is held once in every hundred years, at which diamonds, rubies, and all other pretty stones are sold cheap—cheap as dirt, my dear—a hundred thousand guineas-worth for sixpence, one may say. Your grandfather must have been there, and well he made his market, you may be sure. Aha! Good man!"

"I never heard of such a thing," gasped

Acon-Virlaz, perfectly amazed and bewildered. "And what do you call this fair?"

"Why, Sky Fair! as well you should know, dear sir."

"Sky Fair?" repeated the jeweller.

"Sky Fair," answered Ben-Daoud.

"But whereabouts is it?"

"Come here," the voluble man said. He took hold of Acon-Virlaz by the wrist, and led him through the grove of pea-coats to the front shop; through the front shop into the open street; and then pointing upwards, he directed the gaze of the Jew to where, in the otherwise unilluminated sky, there was shining one solitary star.

"Don't it look pretty?" he asked, sinking his voice into a confidential whisper. "Don't it look like a diamond, and glitter and twinkle as if some of our people, the lapidaries in Amsterdam, had cut it into faces. That's where Sky Fair is, Mr. Virlaz. Aha!"

"And you are going there to-morrow?" Acon-Virlaz asked, glancing uneasily at his companion.

"Of course I am," Ben Daoud replied, "with my little bag of money to make my little purchases. And, saving your presence, dear sir, I think you will be a great fool if you don't come with me, and make some little purchases, too. For, diamonds, Mr. Virlaz, are not so easily come by every day as in Sky Fair; and a hundred years is a long time to wait before one can make another such bargain."

"I'll come, Ben," the jeweller cried, enthusiastically. "I'll come; and if ever I can do you any little obligation in the way of moneys, I will." And he grasped the hand of Ben-Daoud, who sold clocks and discounted.

"Why, that's right," the other returned. "And I'll come for you at eight o'clock to-morrow, punctually; so get your little bag of money, and your nightcap, and a comb ready."

"But," the jeweller asked, with one returning tinge of suspicion, "how are we to get there, Ben?"

"Oh," replied Mr. Ben-Daoud, coolly, "we'll have a shay."

Sky Fair!—diamonds!—cheap bargains! Acon-Virlaz could think of nothing else all the time of supper—which was something very nice indeed in the fish way, and into the cooking of which oil entered largely. He was so preoccupied that Mrs. Virlaz, and Miriam, his daughter, who had large eyes and a coral necklace (for week-days), were fain to ask him the cause thereof; and he, like a good and tender husband and father as he was, (and as most Hebrews, to their credit, are) told them of Ben Daoud's marvellous story, and of his intended journey.

The next morning, as the clock struck eight, the sound of wheels was heard before Acon-Virlaz's door in the Common Hard of Bellerip-

port, and a handful of gravel was playfully thrown against the first floor window by the hands of Ben-Daoud of Westhampton.

But it needed no gravel, no noise of wheels, no striking of clocks, to awaken Acon-Virlaz. He had been up and dressed since six o'clock; and, leaving Mrs. Virlaz peacefully and soundly sleeping; and hastily swallowing some hot coffee prepared by Barney the lad (to whom he issued strict injunctions concerning the conduct of the warehouse during the day); he descended into the street, and was affectionately hailed by his fellow voyager to Sky Fair.

The seller of clocks sat in the "shay" of which he had spoken to Acon-Virlaz. It was a dusky little concern, very loose on its springs, and worn and rusty in its gear. As to the animal that drew it, Mr. Ben-Daoud mentioned by the way that it was a discount pony; having been taken as an equivalent for cash in numberless bills negotiated in the Westhampton garrison, and had probably been worth, in his time, considerably more than his weight in gold.

Said pony, if he was a rum 'un to look at—which, indeed, he was, being hairy where he should have been smooth, and having occasional bald places, as though he were in the habit of scratching himself with his hoofs—which hoofs, coupled with his whity-brown ankles, gave him the appearance of having in different bluchers and dirty white socks on—was a good 'un to go. So remarkably good was he in going, that he soon left behind, the high street of Bellerport, where the shop-boys were sleepily taking down the shutters; where housemaids were painfully elaborating the doorsteps with hearth-stones, to be soiled by the first visitor's dirty boots (such is the way of the world); where the milkman was making his early morning calls, and the night policemen were going home from duty; and the third lieutenant of the Blunderbore—who had been ashore on leave, and was a little shaken about the eyes still—was hastening to catch the "beef-boat" to convey him to his ship. Next, the town itself did the pony leave behind; the outskirts, the outlying villages, the ruined stocks and deserted pound, the Port-Admiral's villa: all these he passed, running as fast as a constable, or a bill, until he got at last into a broad white road, which Acon-Virlaz never remembered to have seen before; a road with a high hedge on either side, and to which their seemed to be no end.

Mr. Ben-Daoud drove the pony in first-rate style. His head, and the animal's, wagged in concert; and the more he flourished his whip, the more pony went; and both seemed to like it. The great white road sent up no dust. Its stones, if stones it had, never grated nor gave out a sound beneath the wheels of the "shay."

It was only very white and broad, and seemed to have no end.

Not always white, however; for, as they progressed it turned in color, first milky-gray, then what schoolboys call, in connection with the fluid served out to them at breakfast time, sky-blue; then, a deep, vivid, celestial blue. And the high hedge on either side melted by degrees into the same hue; and Acon-Virlaz began to feel curiously feathery about the body, and breezy about the lungs. He caught hold of the edge of the "shay," as though he were afraid of falling over. He shut his eyes from time to time as though he were dizzy. He began to fancy that he was in the sky.

"There is Sky Fair, Mr. Virlaz!" Ben-Daoud suddenly said, pointing a-head with his whip.

At that moment, doubtless through the superior attractions of Sky Fair, the dusky "shay" became of so little account to Acon-Virlaz as to disappear entirely from his sight and mind, though he had left his nightcap and comb (his little bag of money was safe in his side-pocket, trust him), on the cushion. At the same moment it must have occurred to the discount pony to put himself out at living in some very remote corner of creation, for, he vanished altogether too; and Acon-Virlaz almost fancied that he saw the beast's collar fall fifty thousand fathoms five, true as a plumb-line, into space; and the reins, which but a moment before Ben-Daoud had held, flutter loosely away, like feathers.

He found himself treading upon a hard, loose, gritty surface, which, on looking down, appeared like diamond-dust.

"Which it is," Mr. Ben-Daoud explained, when Acon-Virlaz timidly asked him, "Cheap as dirt here! Capital place to bring your cast-iron razors to be sharpened, Mr. Virlaz."

The jeweller felt inclined, for the moment, to resent this pleasantry as somewhat personal; for to say truth, the razors in which he dealt were not of the prime steel.

There was a great light. The brightest sunlight that Acon-Virlaz had ever seen was but a poor farthing candle compared to this resplendency. There was a great gate through which they had to pass to the fair. The gate seemed to Acon-Virlaz as if all the jewellery and wrought gold in the world had been half-fused, half-welded together into one monstrous arabesque or trellis-work. There was a little porter's lodge by the gate, and a cunning-looking little man by it, with a large bunch of keys at his girdle. The thing seemed impossible and ridiculous, yet Acon-Virlaz could not help fancying that he had seen the cunning little porter before, and, of all places in the world, in London, at the lock-up house in Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, kept by Mr. Mephibosheth, to whose red-headed little

turnkey, Benjy, he bore an extraordinary resemblance.

Who is to tell of the glories of Sky Fair? Who, indeed, unless he had a harp of gold strung with diamonds? Who is to tell of the long lines of dazzlingly white booths, hundreds, if not thousands, if not millions of miles in extent, where jewels of surpassing size and purest water were sold by the peck, like peas; by the pound, like spice nuts; by the gallon, like table beer? Who is to tell of the swings, the roundabouts, the throwing of sticks, each stick surmounted by a diamond as big as an ostrich egg; the live armadillos with their jewelled scales; the scratchers, corruscating like meteors; the gingerbread kings and queens; the whole fun of the fair, one dazzling, blinding, radiating mass of gold and gems!

It was not Acon-Virlaz who could tell much about these wondrous things in after days; for he was too occupied with his little bag of money, and his little fairings. Ben-Daoud had spoken the truth; diamonds were as cheap as dirt in Sky Fair. In an inconceivably short space of time, and by the expenditure of a few halfpence, the jeweller had laid in a stock of precious stones. But, he was not satisfied with pockets-full, bags-full, hats-full of unset, uncut gems. There were heaps of jewelled trinkets, chains, bracelets, rings piled up for sale. He hankered after these. He bought heaps of golden rings. He decorated his wrists and ankles with bracelets and bangles enough for a Bayadere. He might have been a dog, for the collars round his neck. He might have been an Ambrose Gwynnett hung in chains, for the profusion of those ornaments in gold, with which he loaded himself. And then he went in for solid services of plate, and might have been a butler or a philanthropist, for the piles of ewers, salvers, candelabra, and goblets which he accumulated in his hands, under his arms, on his head. More gold! more jewels! More—more—

Till a bell began to ring,—a loud, clanging, voiceful golden bell, carried by a shining bell-man, and the clapper of which was one huge diamond. The thousands of people who, a moment before, had been purchasing jewels and gold, no sooner heard the bell than they began to scamper like mad towards the gate; and, at the same time, Acon Virlaz heard the bellman making proclamation that Sky Fair would close in ten minutes time, and that every man, woman or child found within the precincts of the fair, were it only for the thousandth part of the tithe of a moment after the clock had struck Twelve, would be turned into stone for a hundred years.

Till the men, women, and children from every nation under the sun (he had not ob-

served them until now, so intent had he been on his purchases), came tearing past him; treading on his toes, bruising his ribs, jostling him, pushing him from side to side, screaming to him with curses to move on quicker, or to get out of the way. But he could not move on quicker. His Gold stuck to him. His jewels weighed him down. Invisible clogs seemed to attach themselves to his feet. He kept dropping his precious wares, and, for the life of him, could not refrain from stopping to pick them up; in doing which he dropped more.

Till Mr. Ben-Daoud passed him with a girdle of big diamonds, tied round his waist in a blue bird's eye handkerchief, like a professional pedestrian.

Till the great bell from ringing intermittent peals kept up one continuous clang. Till a clock above, like a catherine wheel, which Acon-Virlaz had not before noticed began to let off rockets of minutes, Roman candles of seconds. Till the bell-man's proclamation merged into one sustained roar of "Oh yes! Oh yes!" Till the red-headed gate keeper, who was like Mr. Mephibosheth's turnkey, gave himself up to an unceasing scream of "All out! All out!" whirling his keys above his head, so that they scattered sparks and flakes of fire all around.

Till fifty thousand other bells began to clang, and fifty million other voices to scream. Till all at once there was silence, and the clock began to strike slowly, sadly, one, two, three, four—to twelve.

Acon-Virlaz was within a few feet of the gate when the fatal clock began to strike.—By a desperate effort he cast aside the load of plate which impeded his movements. He tore off his diamond-laden coat; he cast his waistcoat to the winds, and plunged madly into the throng that blocked up the entrance.

To find himself too late! The great gates closed with a heavy shock, and Acon-Virlaz reeled away from them in the rebound, bruised, bleeding, and despairing. He was too late.—Sky Fair closed, and he was to be turned into stone for a hundred years.

The red-headed door-keeper (who, by the way, squinted abominably), was leaning with his back to the gate, drumming with his keys on the bars.

"It's a beautiful day to be indoors," he said consolingly. "It's bitter cold outside."

Acon-Virlaz shuddered. He felt his heart turning into stone within him. He fell on his knees before the red-headed door-keeper, and with tears, sobs, groans, entreated him to open the gate. He offered him riches, he offered him the hand of Miriam his large eyed daughter; all for one turn of the key in the lock of the gate of Sky Fair.

"Can't be done," the door-keeper remarked, shaking his head. "Till Sky Fair opens again, you can't be let out."

Again and again did the jeweller entreat, until he at last appeared to make an impression on the red-headed janitor.

"Well, I'll tell you what I can do for you, old gentleman," he said; "I daren't open the gate for my life; but there's a window in my lodge; and if you choose to take your chance of jumping out of it (it isn't far to fall), you can."

Acon-Virlaz, uttering a confused medley of thanks, was about to rush into the lodge, when the gate-keeper laid his hand upon his arm.

"By the way, mister," he said, "you may as well give me that big signet ring on your finger, as a token to remind you of all the fine things you promised me when I come your way."

The jeweller hastily plucked off the desired trinket, and gave it to his red-headed deliverer. Then, he darted into the narrow, dark porter's lodge, overturned a round table, on which was the door-keeper's dinner (it smelt very much like liver and bacon), and clambered up to a very tall, narrow window.

He leaned his hands on the sill, and thrusting his head out to see how far he had to jump, descried, immediately beneath him, the dusty ehay, the discount pony, and Mr. Ben-Daoud with a lighted cigar in his mouth and the reins in his hand, just ready to start.

"Hold hard!" screamed Acon-Virlaz.—"Hold hard! Ben, my dear friend, my old friend; hold hard, and take me in!"

Mr. Ben-Daoud's reply was concise but conclusive:

"Go to Bermondsey," he said, and whipped his pony.

The miserable man groaned aloud in despair; for the voice of the door-keeper urged him to be quick about it, if he was going to jump; and he felt, not only his heart, but his limbs, becoming cold and stony.

Shutting his eyes and clenching his teeth, he jumped, and fell, down, down into space. According to his own calculations, he must have fallen at least sixty thousand miles and for six months in succession; but, according to Mrs. Acon-Virlaz, and Miriam, his large-eyed daughter, he only fell from his arm chair into the fire-place, striking his head against the tongs as he fell; having come home a little while before, with no such thing about him as his beautiful seal ring; and being slightly the worse for liquor, not to say drunk.

THE THIRD POOR TRAVELLER.

You wait my story next? Ah, well! Such marvels as you two have told

You must not think that I can tell; For I am only twelve years old. Ere long I hope I shall have been On my first voyage, and wonders seen. Some princess I may hope to free From pirates on a far off sea; Or, on some desert isle be left, Of friends and shipmates all bereft.

For the first time I venture forth, From our blue mountain of the north. My kinsman kept the lodge that stood Guarding the entrance near the wood, By the stone gateway gray and old, With quaint devices carved about, And broken shields; while dragons bold Glared on the common world without; And the long trembling ivy spray Half hid the centuries' decay. In solitude and silence grand The castle towered above the land; The castle of the Earl, whose name (Wrapt in old bloody legends) came Down through the times when Truth and Right Bent down to armed Pride and Might. He owned the country far and near; And, for some weeks in every year, (When the brown leaves were falling fast And the long, lingering autumn passed), He would come down to hunt the deer, With hound and horse in splendid pride. The story lasts the live-long year, The peasant's winter evening fills, When he is gone and they abide In the lone quiet of their hills.

I longed, too, for the happy night, When all with torches flaring bright The crowding villagers would stand, A patient, eager, waiting band, Until the signal ran like flame, "They come!" and slackening speed, they came. Outriders first, in pomp and state, Pranced on their horses thro' the gate; Then the four steeds as black as night, All decked with trappings blue and white, Drew thro' the crowd that opened wide, The Earl and Countess, side by side. The stern, grave Earl, with formal smile And glistening eyes and stately pride, Could ne'er my childish gaze beguile From the fair presence by his side. The lady's soft, sad glance,—her eyes (Like stars that shone in summer skies), Her pure, white face so calmly bent, With gentle greetings round her sent; Her look, that always seemed to gaze Where the blue past had closed again Over some happy, shipwrecked days, With all their freight of love and pain. She did not even seem to see The little lord upon her knee. And yet he was like angel fair, With rosy cheeks and golden hair, That fell on shoulders white as snow. But the blue eyes that shone below His clustering rings of auburn curls, Were not his mother's, but the Earl's.

I feared the Earl, so cold and grim,
 I never dared be seen by him.
 When through our gate he used to ride,
 My kinsman Walter bade me hide;
 He said he was so stern.
 So, when the hunt came past our way,
 I always hasten'd to obey,
 Until I heard the bugles play
 The notes of their return.
 But she—my very heart-strings stir
 Whene'er I speak or think of her—
 The whole wide world could never see
 A noble lady such as she,
 So full of angel charity.

Strange things of her our neighbors told
 In the long winter evenings cold,
 Around the fire. They would draw near
 And speak, half-whispering as in fear;
 As if they thought the Earl could hear
 Their treason 'gainst his name.
 They thought the story that his pride
 Had stooped to wed a low-born bride,
 A stain upon his fame.
 Some said 'twas false; there could not be
 Such blot on his nobility;
 But others vowed that they heard
 The actual story word for word,
 From one who well my lady knew,
 And had declared the story true.

In a far village, little known,
 She dwelt—so ran the tale—alone.
 A widowed bride, yet, oh! so bright,
 Shone through the mist of grief, her charms;
 They said it was the loveliest sight,—
 She, with her baby in her arms.
 The Earl one summer morning, rode
 By the sea-shore where she abode;
 Again he came—that vision sweet
 Drew him reluctant to her feet.
 Fierce must the struggle in his heart
 Have been, between his love and pride,
 Until he chose that wondrous part,
 To ask her to become his bride.
 Yet, ere his noble name she bore,
 He made her vow that never more
 She would behold her child again,
 But hide his name and hers from men.
 The trembling promise duly spoken,
 All links of the low past were broken,
 And she arose to take her stand
 Amid the nobles of the land.

Then all would wonder,—could it be
 That one so lowly born as she,
 Raised to such height of bliss, should seem
 Still living in some weary dream?
 'Tis true she bore with calmest grace
 The honors of her lofty place,
 Yet never smiled, in peace or joy,
 Not even to greet her princely boy.
 She heard, with face of white despair,
 The cannon thunder through the air,
 That she had given the Earl an heir.
 Nay, even more (they whispered low,
 As if they scarce durst fancy so).
 That, through her lofty wedded life,
 No word, no tone, betrayed the wife.

Her look seemed ever in the past;
 Never to him it grew more sweet;
 The self-same weary glance she cast
 Upon the greyhound at her feet,
 As upon him, who bade her claim
 The crowning honor of his name.

This gossip, if old Walter heard,
 He checked it with a scornful word:
 I never durst such tales repeat;
 He was too serious and discreet
 To speak of what his lord might do.
 Besides, he loved my lady too:
 And many a time, I recollect,
 They were together in the wood;
 He with an air of grave respect,
 And earnest look, uncovered stood.
 And though their speech I never heard,
 (Save now and then a louder word)
 I saw he spake as none but one
 She loved and trusted, durst have done;
 For oft I watched them in the shade
 That the close forest branches made,
 Till slanting golden sunbeams came
 And smote the fir-trees into flame,
 A radiant glory round her lit,
 Then down her white robe seemed to flit,
 Gilding the brown leaves on the ground,
 And all the feathery ferns around.
 While by some gloomy pine she leant
 And he in earnest talk would stand,
 I saw the tear-drops, as she bent,
 Fall on the flowers in her hand.
 Strange as it seemed and seems to be,
 That one so sad, so cold as she,
 Could love a little child like me;
 Yet so it was. I never heard
 Such tender words as she would say,
 Or murmurs, sweeter than a word,
 Would breathe upon me as I lay.
 While I, in smiling joy, would rest,
 For hours, my head upon her breast.
 Our neighbors said that none could see
 In me the common childish charms,
 (So grave and still I used to be)
 And yet she held me in her arms,
 In a fond clasp, so close, so tight,—
 I often dream of it at night.

She bade me tell her all — no other,
 My childish thoughts e'er cared to know;
 For I — I never knew my mother;
 I was an orphan long ago.
 And I could all my fancies pour,
 That gentle loving face before.
 She liked to hear me tell her all;
 How that day I had climbed the tree,
 To make the largest fir-cones fall;
 And how one day I hoped to be
 A sailor on the deep blue sea —
 She loved to hear it all.

Then wondrous things she used to tell,
 Of the strange dreams that she had known.
 I used to love to hear them well;
 If only for her sweet low tone,
 Sometimes so sad, although I knew
 That such things never could be true.

One day she told me such a tale
 It made me grow all cold and pale,
 The fearful thing she told !
 Of a poor woman mad and wild,
 Who coined the life-blood of her child ;
 Who, tempted by a fiend, had sold
 The heart out of her breast for gold.
 But, when she saw me frightened seem,
 She smiled, and said it was a dream.
 How kind, how fair she was ; how good
 I cannot tell you. If I could
 You, too, would love her. The mere thought
 Of her great love for me has brought
 Tears in my eyes : though far away,
 It seems as it were yesterday.
 And just as when I look on high
 Through the blue silence of the sky,
 Fresh stars shine out, and more and more,
 Where I could see so few before.
 So, the more steadily I gaze
 Upon those far-off misty days,
 Fresh words, fresh tones, fresh memories, start
 Before my eyes and in my heart.
 I can remember how, one day,
 (Talking in silly childish way)
 I said how happy I should be
 If I were like her son — as fair,
 With just such bright blue eyes as he,
 And such long locks of golden hair.
 A dark smile on her pale face broke,
 And in strange solemn words she spoke : —
 " Lay own, my darling one — no, no !
 I love you, far, far better so.
 I would not change the look you bear,
 Or one wave of your dark-brown hair.
 The mere glance of your sunny eyes,
 Deep in my deepest soul I prize
 Above that baby fair !
 Not one of all the Earl's proud line
 In beauty ever matched with thine.
 And, 't is by thy dark locks thou art
 Bound even faster round my heart,
 And made more wholly mine !"
 And then she paused, and weeping said,
 " You are like one who now is dead —
 Who sleeps in a far distant grave.
 O may God grant that you may be
 As noble and as good as he,
 As gentle and as brave !"
 Then, in my childish way, I cried :
 " The one you tell me of who died,
 Was he as noble as the Earl ?"
 I see her red lips scornful curl,
 I feel her hold my hand again
 So tightly, that I shrank in pain —
 I seem to hear her say :
 " He whom I tell you of, who died,
 He was so noble and so gay,
 So generous and so brave,
 That the proud Earl by his dear side
 Would look a craven slave."
 She paused ; then, with a quivering sigh,
 She laid her hand upon my brow :
 " Live like him, darling, and so die.
 Remember that he tells you now,
 True peace, real honor, and content,
 In cheerful pious toil abide ;
 For gold and splendour are but sent
 To curse our vanity and pride."

One day some childish fever pain
 Burnt in my veins and fired my brain.
 Moaning, I turned from side to side ;
 And, sobbing in my bed, I cried,
 Till night in calm and darkness crept
 Around me, and at last I slept.
 When suddenly I woke to see
 The Lady bending over me.
 The drops of cold November rain
 Were falling from her long, damp hair ;
 Her anxious eyes were dim with pain ;
 Yet she looked wondrous fair.
 Arrayed for some great feast she came,
 With stones that shone and burnt like flame,
 Wound round her neck, like some bright snake,
 And set like stars within her hair,
 They sparkled so, they seemed to make
 A glory everywhere.
 I felt her tears upon my face,
 Her kisses on my eyes ;
 And a strange thought I could not trace
 I felt within my heart arise ;
 And, half in feverish pain, I said :
 " O if my mother were not dead !
 And Walter bade me sleep ; but she
 Said : " Is it not the same to thee
 That I watch by thy bed ?"
 I answered her : " I love you, too ;
 But it can never be the same :
 She was no Countess like to you,
 Nor wore such sparkling stones of flame."
 O the wild look of fear and dread !
 The cry she gave of bitter woe !
 I often wonder what I said
 To make her moan and shudder so.

Through the long night she tended me
 With such sweet care and charity.
 But I should weary you to tell
 All that I know and love so well :
 Yet one night more stands out alone
 With a sad sweetness all its own.

The wind blew loud that dreary night.
 Its wailing voice I well remember ;
 The stars shone out so large and bright
 Upon the frosty fir-boughs white :
 That dreary night of cold December.
 I saw old Walter silent stand,
 Watching the soft last flakes of snow
 With looks I could not understand,
 Of strange perplexity and woe.
 At last he turned and took my hand,
 And said the Countess just had sent
 To bid us come ; for she would fain
 See me once more, before she went
 Away, — never to come again.
 We came in silence through the wood
 (Our footfall was the only sound),
 To where the great white castle stood,
 With darkness shadowing it around.
 Breathless, we trod with cautious care
 Up the great echoing marble stair ;
 Trembling, by Walter's hand I held,
 Scared by the splendors I beheld :
 Now thinking, Should the Earl appear !
 Now looking up with giddy fear
 To the dim vaulted roof, that spread
 Its gloomy arches overhead.

Long corridors we softly past,
 (My heart was beating loud and fast)
 And reached the Lady's room at last.
 A strange faint odor seemed to weigh
 Upon the dim and darkened air.
 One shaded lamp, with softened ray,
 Scarce showed the gloomy splendor there.
 The dull-red brands were burning low :
 And yet a fitful gleam of light
 Would now and then with sudden glow,
 Start forth, then sink again in night.
 I gazed around, yet half in fear,
 Till Walter told me to draw near.
 And in the strange and flickering light,
 Towards the Lady's bed I crept.
 All folded round with snowy white,
 She lay (one would have said she slept).
 So still the look of that white face,
 It seemed as it were carved in stone.
 I paused before I dared to place
 Within her cold white hand my own.
 But, with a smile of sweet surprise,
 She turned to me her dreamy eyes ;
 And slowly, as if life were pain,
 She drew me in her arms to lie :
 She strove to speak, and strove in vain ;
 Each breath was like a long-drawn sigh,
 The throbs that seemed to shake her breast,
 The trembling clasp, so loose, and weak,
 At last grew calmer, and at rest ;
 And then she strove once more to speak :
 " My God, I thank thee, that my pain
 Of day by day and year by year,
 Has not been suffered all in vain,
 And I may die while he is near.
 I will not fear but that Thy grace
 Has swept away my sin and woe,
 And sent this little angel-face,
 In my last hour to tell me so."
 (And here her voice grew faint and low)
 " My child—where'er thy life may go,
 To know that thou art brave and true,
 Will pierce the highest heavens through,
 And even there my soul shall be
 More joyful for this thought of thee."
 She folded her white hands, and stayed,
 All cold and silently she lay :
 I knelt beside the bed, and prayed
 The prayer she used to make me say.
 I said it many times, and then
 She did not move, but seemed to be
 In a deep sleep, nor stirred again.
 No sound stirred in the silent room,
 Or broke the dim and solemn gloom,
 Save when the brands that burnt so low
 With noisy fitful gleam of light,
 Would spread around a sudden glow,
 Then sink in silence and in night.
 How long I stood I do not know :
 At last poor Walter came, and said
 (So sadly) that we now must go,
 And whispered, she we loved was dead.
 He bade me kiss her face once more,
 Then led me sobbing to the door.
 I scarcely knew what dying meant,
 Yet a strange grief, before unknown,
 Weighed on my spirit as we went
 And left her lying all alone.

We went to the far North once more,
 To seek the well-remembered home,
 Where my poor kinsman dwelt before,
 Whence now he was too old to roam ;
 And there six happy years, we past,
 Happy and peaceful till the last ;
 When poor old Walter died, and he
 Blessed me and said I now might be
 A sailor on the deep blue sea.
 And so I go ; and yet in spite
 Of all the joys I long to know ;
 Though I look onward with delight,
 With something of regret I go,
 And young or old, on land or sea,
 One guiding memory I shall take
 Of what She prayed that I might be,
 And what I will be for her sake !

THE FOURTH POOR TRAVELLER.

Now, first of all, I should like to know
 what you mean by a story ? You mean what
 other people do ? And pray what is that ?
 You know, but you can't exactly tell. I
 thought so ! In the course of a pretty long
 legal experience, I have never yet met with
 a party out of my late profession, who was
 capable of giving a correct definition of any-
 thing.

To judge by your looks, I suspect you are
 amused at my talking of any such thing ever
 having belonged to me as a profession. Ha !
 ha ! Here I am, with my toes out of my boots,
 without a shirt to my back or a rap in my
 pocket, except the fourpence I get out of this
 charity (against the present administration of
 which I protest—but that's not the point), and
 yet not two years ago I was an attorney in
 large practice in a bursting big country town.
 I had a house in the High Street. Such a
 giant of a house that you had to get up six
 steps to knock at the front door. I had a
 footman to drive tramps like me off all or any
 one of my six hearth-stoned steps, if they
 dared sit down on all or any one of my six
 hearth-stoned steps ;—a footman who would
 give me into custody now if I tried to shake
 hands with him in the streets. I decline to
 answer your questions if you ask me any.
 How I got into trouble, and dropped down to
 where I am now, is my secret.

" Now, I absolutely decline to tell you a
 story. But, though I won't tell a story, I
 am ready to make a statement. A statement
 is a matter of fact ; therefore the exact oppo-
 site of a story, which is a matter of fiction.
 What I am now going to tell you really hap-
 pened to me.

I served my time—never mind in whose
 office ; and I started in business for myself,
 in one of our English country towns—I de-
 cline stating which. I hadn't a quarter of
 the capital I ought to have had to begin
 with ; and my friends in the neighborhood

were poor and useless enough, with one exception. That exception was Mr. Frank Gatcliffe, son of Mr. Gatcliffe, member for the county, the richest man and the proudest for many a mile round about our parts. Stop a bit! you man in the corner there; you needn't perk up and look knowing. You won't trace any particulars by the name of Gatcliffe. I'm not bound to commit myself or anybody else by mentioning names. I have given you the first that came into my head.

Well! Mr. Frank was a staunch friend of mine, and ready to recommend me whenever he got the chance. I had given him a little timely help—for a consideration, of course—in borrowing money at a fair rate of interest: in fact I had saved him from the Jews. The money was borrowed while Mr. Frank was at college. He came back from college, and stopped at home a little while; and then there got spread about all our neighborhood, a report that he had fallen in love, as the saying is, with his young sister's governess, and that his mind was made up to marry her.—What! you're at it again, my man in the corner! You want to know her name, don't you? What do you think of Smith?

Speaking as a lawyer, I consider Report, in a general way, to be a fool and a liar. But in this case report turned out to be something very different. Mr. Frank told me he was really in love, and said upon his honor (an absurd expression which young chaps of his age are always using) he was determined to marry Smith the governess—the sweet darling girl as he called her; but I'm not sentimental, and I call her Smith the governess (with an eye, of course, to refreshing the memory of my friend in the corner). Mr. Frank's father, being as proud as Lucifer, said "No" as to marrying the governess, when Mr. Frank wanted him to say "Yes." He was a man of business, was old Gatcliffe, and he took the proper business course. He sent the governess away with a first-rate character and a spanking present; and then he looked about him to get something for Mr. Frank to do. While he was looking about, Mr. Frank belted to London after the governess, who had nobody alive belonging to her but an aunt—her father's sister. The aunt refuses to let Mr. Frank in without the squire's permission. Mr. Frank writes to his father, and says he will marry the girl as soon as he is of age, or shoot himself. Up to town comes the squire, and his wife, and his daughter; and a lot of sentimentality, not in the slightest degree material to the present statement, takes place among them; and the upshot of it is that old Gatcliffe is forced into withdrawing the word No, and substituting the word Yes.

I don't believe he would ever have done it, though, but for one lucky peculiarity in the case. The governess's father was a man of good family—pretty nigh as good as Gatcliffe's own. He had been in the army; had sold out; set up as a wine-merchant—failed—died: ditto his wife, as to the dying part of it. No relation, in fact, left for the squire to make inquiries about but the father's sister; who had behaved, as old Gatcliffe said, like a thorough-bred gentlewoman in shutting the door against Mr. Frank in the first instance. So, to cut the matter short, things were at last made up pleasant enough. The time was fixed for the wedding, and an announcement about it—Marriage in High Life and all that—put into the county paper. There was a regular biography, besides, of the governess's father, so as to stop people from talking; a great flourish about his pedigree, and a long account of his services in the army; but not a word, mind ye, of his having turned wine-merchant afterwards. Oh, no—not a word about that! I knew it, though, for Mr. Frank told me. He hadn't a bit of pride about him. He introduced me to his future wife one day when I met them out walking, and asked me if I did not think he was a lucky fellow. I don't mind admitting that I did, and that I told him so. Ah! but she was one of my sort, was that governess. Stood, to the best of my recollection, five foot four. Good lissom figure, that looked as if it had never been boxed up in a pair of stays. Eyes that made me feel as if I was under a pretty stiff cross-examination the moment she looked at me. Fine red, fresh, kiss-and-come-again sort of lips. Cheeks and complexion—No, my man in the corner, you wouldn't identify her by her cheeks and complexion, if I drew you a picture of them this very moment. She has had a family of children since the time I'm talking of; and her cheeks are a trifle fatter and her complexion is a shade or two redder now, than when I first met her out walking with Mr. Frank.

The marriage was to take place on a Wednesday. I decline mentioning the year or the month. I had started as an attorney on my own account—say six weeks, more or less, and was sitting alone in my office on the Monday morning before the wedding-day, trying to see my way clear before me and not succeeding particularly well, when Mr. Frank suddenly bursts in, as white as any ghost that ever was painted, and says he's got the most dreadful case for me to advise on, and not an hour to lose in acting on my advice.

"Is this in the way of business, Mr. Frank?" says I, stopping him just as he was beginning to get sentimental. "Yes or no,

Mr. Frank?" rapping my new office paper-knife on the table to pull him up short all the sooner.

"My dear fellow"—he was always familiar with me—"it's in the way of business, certainly; but friendship—"

I was obliged to pull him up short again and regularly examine him as if he had been in the witness-box, or he would have kept me talking to no purpose half the day.

"Now, Mr. Frank," said I, "I can't have any sentimentality mixed up with business matters. You please to stop talking, and let me ask questions. Answer in the fewest words you can use. Nod, when nodding will do instead of words."

I fixed him with my eye for about three seconds, as he sat groaning and wriggling in his chair. When I'd done fixing him, I gave another rap with my paper-knife on to the table to startle him up a bit. When I went on.

"From what you have been stating up to the present time," says I, "I gather that you are in a scrape which is likely to interfere seriously with your marriage on Wednesday?" (He nodded, and I cut in again before he could say a word.) "The scrape affects the young lady you are about to marry, and goes back to the period of a certain transaction in which her late father was engaged some years ago?" (He nods, and I cut in once more.) "There is a party who turned up after seeing the announcement of your marriage in the paper, who is cognizant of what he ought n't to know, and who is prepared to use his knowledge of the same, to the prejudice of the young lady and of your marriage, unless he receives a sum of money to quiet him? Very well. Now, first of all, Mr. Frank, state what you have been told by the young lady herself about the transaction of her late father. How did you first come to have any knowledge of her?"

"She was talking to me about her father one day, so tenderly and prettily, that she quite excited my interest about him," begins Mr. Frank; "and I asked her, among other things, what had occasioned his death. She said she believed it was distress of mind in the first instance; and added that this distress was connected with a shocking secret, which she and her mother had kept from everybody, but which she could not keep from me, because she was determined to begin her married life by having no secrets from her husband." Here Mr. Frank began to get sentimental again; and I pulled him up short once more with the paper knife.

"She told me," Mr. Frank went on, "that the great mistake of her father's life was his selling out of the army and taking to the wine trade. He had no talent for business; things

went wrong with him from the first. His clerk, it was strongly suspected, cheated him

"Stop a bit," says I, "What was that suspected clerk's name?"

"Davager," says he.

"Davager," says I, making a note of it. "Go on, Mr. Frank."

"His affairs got more and more entangled," says Mr. Frank; "he was pressed for money in all directions; bankruptcy, and consequent dishonor (as he considered it), stared him in the face. His mind was so affected by his troubles that both his wife and daughter, towards the last, considered him to be hardly responsible for his own acts. In this state of desperation and misery, he—" Here Mr. Frank began to hesitate.

We have two ways in the law, of drawing evidence off nice and clear from an unwilling client or witness. We give him a fright or we treat him to a joke. I treated Mr. Frank to a joke.

"Ah!" says I. "I know what he did. He had a signature to write; and by the most natural mistake in the world, he wrote another gentleman's name instead of his own—eh?"

"It was to a bill," says Mr. Frank, looking very crestfallen, instead of taking the joke. "His principal creditor wouldn't wait till he could raise the money, or the greater part of it. But he was resolved, if he sold off everything, to get the amount and repay—"

"Of course!" says I. "Drop that. The forgery was discovered. When?"

"Before even the first attempt was made to negotiate the bill. He had done the whole thing in the most absurdly and innocently wrong way. The person whose name he had used was a staunch friend of his, and a relation of his wife's: a good man as well as a rich one. He had influence with the chief creditor, and he used it nobly. He had a real affection for the unfortunate man's wife, and he proved it generously."

"Come to the point," says I. "What did he do? In a business way, what did he do?"

"He put the false bill into the fire, drew a bill of his own to replace it, and then—only then—told my dear girl and her mother all that had happened. Can you imagine anything nobler?" asks Mr. Frank.

"Speaking in my professional capacity, I can't imagine anything greener!" says I.—

"Where was the father? Off, I suppose?"

"Ill in bed," said Mr. Frank, coloring.—

"But he mustered strength enough to write a contrite and grateful letter the same day, promising to prove himself worthy of the noble moderation and forgiveness extended to him, by selling off everything he possessed to repay his money debt. He did sell off every-

thing, down to some old family pictures that were heirlooms; down to the little plate he had; down to the very tables and chairs that furnished his drawing room. Every farthing of the debt was paid; and he was left to begin the world again, with the kindest promises of help from the generous man who had forgiven him. It was too late. His crime of one rash moment—atoned for though it had been—preyed upon his mind. He became possessed with the idea, that he had lowered himself for ever in the estimation of his wife and daughter, and——

"He died," I cut in. "Yes, yes, we know that. Let's go back for a minute to the contrite and grateful letter that he wrote. My experience in the law, Mr. Frank, has convinced me that if everybody burnt everybody else's letters, half the courts of justice in this country might shut up shop. Do you happen to know whether the letter we are now speaking of contained anything like an avowal or confession of the forgery?"

"Of course it did," says he. "Could the writer express his contrition properly without making some such confession?"

"Quite easy, if he had been a lawyer," says I. "But never mind that; 'I'm going to make a guess,—a desperate guess, mind. Should I be altogether in error,' says I, 'if I thought that this letter had been stolen; and that the fingers of Mr. Davager, of suspicious commercial celebrity, might possibly be the fingers which took it?'" says I.

"That is exactly what I tried to make you understand," cried Mr. Frank.

"How did he communicate that interesting fact to you?"

"He has not ventured into my presence. The scoundrel actually had the audacity——"

"Aha!" says I. "The young lady herself! Sharp practitioner, Mr. Davager."

"Early this morning, when she was walking alone in the shrubbery," Mr. Frank goes on, "he had the assurance to approach her, and to say that he had been watching his opportunity of getting a private interview for days past. He then showed her—actually showed her—her unfortunate father's letter; put into her hands another letter directed to me; bowed, and walked off; leaving her half dead with astonishment and terror!"

"It was much better for you that you were not," says I. "Have you got that other letter?"

He handed it to me. It was so extremely humorous and short, that I remember every word of it at this distance of time. It began in this way:—

"To Francis Gatcliffe, Esq., Jun.—Sir,—I have an extremely curious autograph letter to sell. The price is a Five hundred pound note. The

young lady to whom you are to be married on Wednesday will inform you of the nature of the letter, and the genuineness of the autograph. If you refuse to deal, I shall send a copy to the local paper, and shall wait on your highly respected father with the original curiosity, on the afternoon of Tuesday next. Having come down here on family business, I have put up at the family hotel—being to be heard of at the Gatcliffe Arms.

Your very obedient servant,

"ALFRED DAVAGER."

"A clever fellow, that," says I, putting the letter into my private drawer.

"Clever!" cries Mr. Frank, "he ought to be horsewhipped within an inch of his life. I would have done it myself, but she made me promise, before she told me a word of the matter, to come straight to you."

That was one of the wisest promises you ever made," says I. "We can't afford to bully this fellow, whatever else we may do with him. Don't think I am saying anything libellous against your excellent father's character when I assert that if he saw the letter he would certainly insist on your marriage being put off, at the very least?"

"Feeling as my father does about my marriage, he would insist on its being dropped altogether, if he saw this letter," says Mr. Frank, with a groan. "But even that is not the worst of it. The generous, noble girl herself says, that if the letter appears in the paper, with all the unanswerable comments this scoundrel would be sure to add to it, she would rather die than hold me to my engagement—even if my father would let me keep it." He was a weak young fellow, and ridiculously fond of her. I brought him back to business with another rap of the paper knife.

"Hold up, Mr. Frank," says I. "I have a question or two more. Did you think of asking the young lady whether, to the best of her knowledge, this infernal letter was the only written evidence of the forgery now in existence?"

"Yes, I did think directly of asking her that," says he; "and she told me she was quite certain that there was no written evidence of the forgery, except that one letter."

"Will you give Mr. Davager his price for it?" says I.

"Yes," says Mr. Frank, as quick as lightning.

"My Frank," says I, "you come here to get my help and advice in this extremely ticklish business, and you are ready, as I know, without asking, to remunerate me for all and any of my services at the usual professional rate. Now, I've made up my mind to act boldly—desperately if you like—on the hit or miss—win-all-or-lose-all principle—in dealing with this matter. Here is my proposal. I'm going to try if I can't do Mr. Davager out of his letter. If I don't succeed before to-mor-

row afternoon, you hand him the money, and I charge you nothing for professional services. If I do succeed, I hand you the letter instead of Mr. Davager; and you give me the money instead of giving it to him. It's a precious risk for me, but I'm ready to run it. You must pay your five hundred any way. What do you say to my plan? Is it, yes—Mr. Frank—or no?"

"Hang your questions!" cries Mr. Frank, jumping up; "you know it's yes, ten thousand times over. Only you earn the money and—"

"And you will be too glad to give it to me. Very good. Now go home. Comfort the young lady—don't let Mr. Davager so much as set eyes on you—keep quiet—leave everything to me—and feel as certain as you please that all the letters in the world can't stop your being married on Wednesday." With these words, I hustled him off out of the office; for I wanted to be left alone to make my mind up about what I should do.

The first thing, of course, was to have a look at the enemy. I wrote to Mr. Davager, telling him that I was privately appointed to arrange the little business matter between himself and "another party" (no names!) on friendly terms; and begging him to call on me at his earliest convenience. At the very beginning of the case, Mr. Davager bothered me. His answer was that it would not be convenient to him to call till between six and seven in the evening. In this way, you see, he contrived to make me lose several precious hours, at a time when minutes almost were of importance. I had nothing for it but to be patient, and to give certain instructions, before Mr. Davager came, to my boy Tom.

There was never such a sharp boy of fourteen before, and there never will be again, as my boy, Tom. A spy to look after Mr. Davager was, of course, the first requisite in a case of this kind; and Tom was the smallest, quickest, quietest, sharpest, stealthiest, little snake of a chap that ever dogged a gentleman's steps and kept cleverly out of range of a gentleman's eyes. I settled it with the boy that he was not to show at all, when Mr. Davager came; and that he was to wait to hear me ring the bell, when Mr. Davager left. If I rang twice, he was to show the gentleman out. If I rang once, he was to keep out of the way and follow the gentleman wherever he went, till he got back to the inn. Those were the only preparations I could make to begin with; being obliged to wait, and let myself be guided by what turned up.

About a quarter to seven my gentleman came. In the profession of the law, we get somehow quite remarkably mixed up with ugly people, blackguard people, and dirty people. But far away the ugliest and dirtiest black-

guard I ever saw in my life was Mr. Alfred Davager. He had greasy white hair and a mottled face. He was low in the forehead, fat in the stomach, hoarse in the voice, and weak in the legs. Both his eyes were bloodshot, and one was fixed in his head. He smelt of spirits, and carried a toothpick in his mouth. "How are you? I've just done dinner," says he—and he lights a cigar, sits down with his legs crossed, and winks at me.

I tried at first to take the measure of him in a wheedling, confidential way; but it was no good. I asked him in a facetious, smiling manner, how he had got hold of the letter. He only told me, in answer, that he had been in the confidential employment of the writer of it, and that he had always been famous since infancy, for a sharp eye to his own interests. I paid him some compliments; but he was not to be flattered. I tried to make him lose his temper; but he kept it in spite of me. It ended in his driving me to my last resource—I made an attempt to frighten him.

"Before we say a word about the money," I began, "let me put a case, Mr. Davager. The pull you have on Mr. Francis Gatliffe is, that you can hinder his marriage on Wednesday. Now suppose I have got a magistrate's warrant to apprehend you, in my pocket. Suppose I have a constable to execute it, in the next room? Suppose I bring you up to-morrow—the day before the marriage—charge you only generally with an attempt to extort money, and apply for a day's remand to complete the case? Suppose, as a suspicious stranger, you can't get bail in this town. Suppose —"

"Stop a bit," says Mr. Davager; "Suppose I should not be the greenest fool that ever stood in shoes? Suppose I should not carry the letter about me? Suppose I should have given a certain envelope to a certain friend of mine, in a certain place in this town? Suppose the letter should be inside that envelope, directed to old Gatliffe, side by side with a copy of the letter, directed to the editor of the local paper? Suppose my friend should be instructed to open the envelope, and take the letters to their right address, if I don't appear to claim them from him this evening? In short, my dear sir, suppose you were born yesterday, and suppose I wasn't?"—says Mr. Davager, and winks at me again.

He didn't take me by surprise, for I never expected that he had the letter about him.—I made a pretence of being very much taken aback, and of being quite ready to give in.—We settled our business about delivering the letter, and handing over the money, in no time. I was to draw out a document, which he was to sign. He knew the document was stuff and nonsense, just as well as I did; and

told me I was only proposing it to swell my client's bill. Sharp as he was, he was wrong there. The document was not to be drawn out to gain money from Mr. Frank, but to gain time from Mr. Davager. It served me as an excuse to put off the payment of the five hundred pounds till three o'clock on the Tuesday afternoon. The Tuesday morning Mr. Davager said he should devote to his amusement, and asked me what sights were to be seen in the neighborhood of the town.—When I had told him, he pitched his toothpick into my grate—yawned—and went out.

I rang the bell once; waited till he had passed the window; and then looked after Tom. There was my jewel of a boy on the opposite side of the street, just setting his top going in the most playful manner possible.—Mr. Davager walked away up the street, towards the market-place. Tom whipped his top up the street towards the market-place too.

In a quarter of an hour he came back, with all his evidence collected in a beautifully clear and compact state. Mr. Davager had walked to a public house, just outside the town, in a lane leading to the high road. On a bench, outside the public house there sat a man smoking. He said "All right?" and gave a letter to Mr. Davager, who answered "All right," and walked back to the inn. In the hall he ordered hot rum and water, cigars, slippers, and a fire to be lit in his room. After that, he went up stairs, and Tom came away.

I now saw my road clear before me—not very far on, but still clear. I had housed the letter, in all probability for that night, at the Gatcliffe Arms. After tipping Tom, I gave him directions to play about the door of the inn, and refresh himself, when he was tired, at the tart-shop opposite—eating as much as he pleased, on the understanding that he crammed all the time with his eye on the window. If Mr. Davager went out, or Mr. Davager's friend called on him, Tom was to let me know. He was also to take a little note from me to the head chambermaid—an old friend of mine—asking her to step over to my office, on a private matter of business, as soon as her work was done for that night.—After settling these little matters, having half an hour to spare, I turned to and did myself a bloater at the office-fire, and had a drop of gin and water hot, and felt comparatively happy.

When the head chambermaid came, it turned out, as good luck would have it, that Mr. Davager had offended her. I no sooner mentioned him than she flew into a passion; and when I added, by way of clinching the matter, that I was retained to defend the interests of a very beautiful and deserving

young lady (name not referred to, of course,) against the most cruel underhand treachery on the part of Mr. Davager, the head chambermaid was ready to go any lengths that she could safely to serve my cause. In few words, I discovered that Boots was to call Mr. Davager at eight the next morning, and was to take his clothes down-stairs to brush, as usual. If Mr. D. had not emptied his own pockets overnight, we arranged that Boots was to forget to empty them for him, and was to bring the clothes down-stairs just as he found them. If Mr. D.'s pockets were emptied, then, of course, it would be necessary to transfer the searching process to Mr. D.'s room. Under any circumstances, I was certain of the head chambermaid; and under any circumstances, also, the head chambermaid was certain of Boots.

I waited till Tom came home, looking very puffy and bilious about the face; but as to his intellects, if anything, rather sharper than ever. His report was uncommonly short and pleasant. The inn was shutting up; Mr. Davager was going to bed in rather a drunken condition; Mr. Davager's friend had never appeared. I sent Tom (properly instructed about keeping our man in view all the next morning) to his shake-down behind the office desk, where I heard him hiccupping half the night, as boys will, when over-excited and too full of tarts.

At half past seven next morning, I slipped quietly into Boots's pantry. Down came the clothes. No pockets in trousers. Waistcoat pockets empty. Coat pockets with something in them. First, handkerchief; secondly, bunch of keys; thirdly, cigar-case; fourthly, pocket-book. Of course I wasn't such a fool as to expect to find the letter there; but I opened the pocket-book with a certain curiosity, notwithstanding.

Nothing in the two pockets of the book but some old advertisements cut out of newspapers, a lock of hair, tied round with a dirty bit of ribbon, a circular letter about a loan society, and some copies of verses not likely to suit any company that was not of an extremely wicked description. On the leaves of the pocket-book, people's addresses scrawled in pencil, and bets jotted down in red ink.—On one leaf, by itself, this queer inscription: "MEM. 5 ALONG. 4 ACROSS." I understood everything but those words and figures; so of course I copied them out into my own book. Then I waited in the pantry, till Boots had brushed the clothes and had taken them up-stairs. His report when he came down was, that Mr. D. had asked if it was a fine morning. Being told that it was, he had ordered breakfast at nine, and a saddle-horse to be at the door at ten, to take him to Grimwith Abbey—one of the sights in our neigh-

borhood which I had told him of the evening before.

"I'll be here, coming in by the back way at half-past ten," says I to the head chambermaid. "To take the responsibility of making Mr. Davager's bed off your hands for this morning only. I want to hire Sam for the morning. Put it down in the order-book that he's to be brought round to my office at ten."

Sam was a pony, and I'd made up my mind that it would be beneficial to Tom's health, after the tarts, if he took a constitutional airing on a nice hard saddle in the direction of Grin-with Abbey.

"Anything else?" says the head chambermaid.

"Only one more favor," says I. "Would my boy Tom be very much in the way if he came, from now till ten, to help with the boots and shoes, and stood at his work close by this window which looks out on the staircase?"

"Not a bit," says the head chambermaid.

"Thank you," says I; and stepped back to my office directly.

When I had sent Tom off to help with the boots and shoes, I reviewed the whole case exactly as it stood at that time. There were three things Mr. Davager might do with the letter. He might give it to his friend again before ten—in which case, Tom would most likely see the said friend on the stairs. He might take it to his friend, or to some other friend, after ten—in which case, Tom was ready to follow him on Sam the pony. And, lastly, he might leave it hidden somewhere in his room at the inn—in which case, I was all ready for him with a search-warrant of my own granting, under favor always of my friend the head chambermaid. So far I had my business arrangements all gathered up nice and compact in my own hands. Only two things bothered me; the terrible shortness of the time at my disposal, in case I failed in my first experiments for getting hold of the letter, and that queer inscription which I had copied out of the pocket-book.

"MEM. 5 ALONG. 4 ACROSS." It was the measurement, most likely, of something, and he was afraid of forgetting it; therefore, it was something important. Query—something about himself? Say "5" (inches) "along"—he doesn't wear a wig. Say "5" (feet) "along"—it can't be coat, waistcoat, trousers, or underclothing. Say "5" (yards) "along"—it can't be anything about himself, unless he wears round his body the rope that he's sure to be hanged with one of these days. Then it is *not* something about himself. What do I know of that is important to him besides? I know of nothing but the Letter. Can the memorandum be connected with that? Say, yes. What do "5 along" and "4 across" mean then? The measurement of something

he carries about with him?—or the measurement of something in his room? I could get pretty satisfactorily to myself as far as that; but I could get no further.

Tom came back to the office, and reported him mounted for his ride. His friend had never appeared. I sent the boy off with his proper instructions, on Sam's back—wrote an encouraging letter to Mr. Frank to keep him quiet—then slipped into the inn by the back way a little before half-past ten. The head chambermaid gave me a signal when the landing was clear. I got into his room without a soul but her seeg me, and locked the door immediately. The case was to a certain extent, simplified now. Either Mr. Davager had ridden out with the letter about him, or he had left it in some safe hiding-place in his room. I suspected it to be in his room, for a reason that will a little astonish you—his trunk, his dressing-case, and all the drawers and cupboards were left open: I knew my customer, and I thought this extraordinary carelessness on his part rather suspicious.

Mr. Davager has taken one of the best bed-rooms at the Gatcliffe Arms. Floor carpeted all over, walls beautifully papered, fourposter, and general furniture first-rate. I searched, to begin with, on the usual plan, examining every thing in every possible way, and taking more than an hour about it. No discovery. Then I pulled out a carpenter's rule which I had brought with me. Was there anything in the room which—either in inches, feet, or yards—answered to "5 along" and "4 across?" Nothing. I put the rule back in my pocket—measurement was no good, evidently. Was there anything in the room that would count up to 5 one way and 4 another, seeing that nothing would measure up to it? I had got obstinately persuaded by this time that the letter must be in the room—principally because of the trouble I had had in looking after it. And persuading myself of that, I took it into my head next, just as obstinately, that "5 along" and "4 across" must be the right clue to find the letter by—principally because I hadn't left myself, after all my searching and thinking, even so much as the vestige of another guide to go by. "5 along"—where could I count five along the room, in any part of it?

Not on the paper. The pattern there was pillars of trellis-work and flowers, enclosing a plain green ground—only four pillars along the wall and only two across. The furniture? There were not five chairs, or five separate pieces of any furniture in the room altogether. The fringes that hung from the cornice of the bed? Plenty of them, at any rate! Up I jumped on the counterpane, with my penknife in my hand. Every way that "5 along" and "4 across" could be reckoned on those un-

lucky fringes, I reckoned on them—probed with my penknife—scratched with my nails—crunched with my fingers. No use; not a sign of a letter; and the time was getting on—oh, Lord! how the time did get on in Mr. Davager's room that morning.

I jumped down from the bed, so desperate at my ill-luck that I hardly cared whether anybody heard me or not. Quite a little cloud of dust rose at my feet as they thumped on the carpet. "Hallo!" thought I; "my friend, the head chambermaid, takes it easy here. Nice state for a carpet to be in, in one of the best bedrooms at the Gatcliffe Arms." Carpet! I had been jumping up on the bed, and staring up at the walls, but I had never so much as given a glance down at the carpet. Think of me pretending to be a lawyer, and not knowing how to look low enough!

The carpet! It had been a stout article in its time; had evidently begun in a drawing-room; then descended to a coffee-room; then gone upstairs altogether to a bedroom. The ground was brown, and the pattern was bunches of leaves and roses speckled over the ground at regular distances. I reckoned up the bunches. Ten along the room—eight across it. When I had stepped out five one way and four the other, and was down on my knees on the centre bunch, as true as I sit on this bench, I could hear my own heart beating so loud that it quite frightened me.

I looked narrowly all over the bunch, and I felt all over it with the ends of my fingers; and nothing came of that. Then I scraped it over slowly and gently with my nails. My second finger-nail stuck a little at one place. I parted the pile of the carpet over that place, and saw a thin slit, which had been hidden by the pile being smoothed over it—a slit about half an inch long, with a little end of brown thread, exactly the color of the carpet-ground, sticking out about a quarter of an inch from the middle of it. Just as I laid hold of the thread gently, I heard a footstep outside the door.

It was only the head chambermaid. "Hav'n't you done yet?" she whispers.

"Give me two minutes," says I; "and don't let anybody come near the door—whatever you do, don't let anybody startle me again by coming near the door."

I took a little pull at the thread, and heard something rustle. I took a longer pull, and out came a piece of paper, rolled up tight like those candle-lighters that the ladies make. I unrolled it—and by George! gentlemen all, there was the letter!

The original letter!—I knew it by the color of the ink. The letter that was worth five hundred pound to me! It was all I could do to keep myself at first from throwing my hat into the air, and hooraying like mad. I had

to take a chair and sit quiet in it for a minute or two, before I could cool myself down to my proper business level. I knew that I was safely down again when I found myself pondering how to let Mr. Davager know that he had been done by the innocent country attorney, after all.

It was not long before a nice little irritating plan occurred to me. I tore a blank leaf out of my pocket-book, wrote on it with my pencil "Change for a five hundred pound note," folded up the paper, tied the thread to it, poked it back into the hiding-place, smoothed over the pile of the carpet, and—as everybody in this place guesses before I can tell them—bolted off to Mr. Frank. He, in his turn, bolted off to show the letter to the young lady, who first certified to its genuineness, then dropped it into the fire, and then took the initiative for the first time since her marriage engagement, by flinging her arms round his neck, kissing him with all her might, and going into hysterics in his arms. So at least Mr. Frank told me; but that's not evidence. It is evidence, however, that I saw them married with my own eyes on the Wednesday; and that while they went off in a carriage and four to spend the honeymoon, I went off on my own legs to open a credit at the Town and County Bank with a five hundred pound note in my pocket.

As to Mr. Davager, I can tell you nothing about him, except what is derived from hearsay evidence, which is always unsatisfactory evidence, even in a lawyer's mouth.

My boy, Tom, although twice kicked off by Sam the pony, never lost hold of the bridle, and kept his man in sight from first to last. He had nothing particular to report, except that on his way out to the Abbey Mr. Davager had stopped at the public house, had spoken a word or two to his friend of the night before, and had handed him what looked like a bit of paper. This was no doubt a clue to the thread that held the letter, to be used in case of accidents. In every other respect Mr. D. had ridden out and ridden in like an ordinary sight-seer. Tom reported him to me as having dismounted at the hotel about two. At half-past, I locked my office door, nailed a card under the knocker with "not at home till to-morrow" written on it, and retired to a friend's house a mile or so out of the town for the rest of the day.

Mr. Davager left the Gatcliffe Arms that night, with his best clothes on his back, and with all the valuable contents of his dressing-case in his pockets. I am not in a condition to state whether he ever went through the form of asking for his bill or not; but I can positively testify that he never paid it, and that the effects left in his bedroom did not pay it either. When I add to these fragments of

evidence, that he and I have never met (luckily for me), since I jockeyed him out of his bank note, I have about fulfilled my implied contract as maker of a statement, with the present company as hearers of a statement.

THE FIFTH POOR TRAVELLER.

Do you know—the journeyman watch-maker from Geneva began—do you know those long straight lines of French country, over which I have often walked? Do you know those rivers so long, so uniform in breadth, so dully gray in hue, that in despair at their regularity, you momentarily libel nature as being only a grand canal commissioner after all? Do you know the long funereal rows of poplars, or dreary parallelograms of osiers, that fringe those river banks; the long white roads, hedgeless, but, oh! so dismally ditchful; the long, low stone walls; the long farmhouses, without a spark of the robust, leafy, cheerful life of the English homesteads; the long fields, scarcely ever green, but of an ashen tone, wearily furrowed, as though the earth had grown old and was beginning to show the crow's feet; the long, interminable gray, French landscape? The sky itself seems longer than it ought to be; and the clouds stretch away to goodness knows where in long, low banks, as if the heavens had been ruled with a parallel. If a vehicle passes you it is only a wofully long diligence, lengthened yellow ugliness long drawn out, with a seemingly endless team of horses, and a long, stifling cloud of dust behind it; a driver, for the wheelers, with a whip seven times as long as it ought to be; and a postilion for the leaders with boots long enough for seven-leaguers. His oaths are long; the horses' manes are long; their tails are so long that they are obliged to have them tied up with straw. The stages are long, the journey long, the fares long—the whole longitudinal carriage leaves a long melancholy jingle of bells behind it.

Yes; French scenery is very lengthy; so I settled in my mind at least, as I walked with long strides along the white French road. A longer me—my shadow—walked before me, bending its back and drooping its arms, and angularizing its elongated legs like drowsy compasses. The shadow looked tired; I felt so. I had been oppressed by length all day. I had passed a long procession—some hundreds of boys in gray great coats and red trousers; soldiers. I had found their guns and bayonets too long, their coats disproportionately lengthy; the moustaches of their officers ridiculously elongated. There was no end of them—their rolling drums, baggage wagons, and led horses. I had passed a team of bullocks ploughing; they looked as long as the lane that hath no turning. A long man followed

them smoking a long pipe. A wretched pig I saw, too—a long, lean, bristly, lanky-legged monstrosity, without even a curly tail, for his tail was long and pendent; a miserable pig, half-snouted grayhound, half-abashed weasel, whole hog, and an eyesore to me. I was a long way from home. I had the spleen. I wanted something short—not to drink, but a short break in the long landscape, a house, a knoll, a clump of trees—anything to relieve this long purgatory.

Whenever I feel inclined to take a more than ordinarily dismal view of things, I find it expedient to take a pipe of tobacco instead. As I wanted to rest however, as well as smoke, I had to walk another long mile. When I desisted a house, in front thereof was a huge felled tree, and on the tree I sat and lighted my pipe. The day was of no particular character whatever; neither wet nor dry, cold nor hot—neither springy, summery, autumnal, nor wintry.

The house I was sitting opposite to, might have been one of public entertainment (for it was a cabaret) if there had been any public in the neighborhood to be entertained, which, myself excepted, I considered doubtful. It seemed to me as if Bacchus, roving about on the loose, had dropped a stray tub here on the solitary road, and no longer coming that way, the tub itself had gone to decay—had become unhooped, mouldy, leaky. I declare that, saving a certain fanciful resemblance to the barrel on which the god of wine is generally supposed to take horse exercise, the house had no more shape than a lump of cheese that one might dig haphazard from a soft, double Gloucester. The windows were patches, and the doorway had evidently been made subsequently to the erection of the building, and looked like an excrescence as it was. The top of the house had been pelted with mud, thatch, tiles, and slates, rather than roofed; and a top room jutted out laterally from one of the walls, supported beneath by crazy up-rights like a poor relation clinging to a genteel kinsman nearly as poor. The walls had been plastered once, but the plaster had peeled off in places, and mud and wattles peeped through like a beggar's bare knee through his torn trousers. An anomalous wooden ruin, that might have been a barrel in the beginning, then a dog-kennel, then a dust-bin, then a hen-coop, seemed fast approximating (eked out by some rotten palings and half a deal box) to a pigstye; perhaps my enemy, the long pig with the pendent tail, lived there when he was at home. A lively old birch-broom, senile but twiggy, thriving under a kindly manure of broken bottles and wood-ashes, was the only apology for trees, hedges, or vegetation generally, visible. If wood was deficient, however, there was plenty of

water. Behind the house where it had been apparently raining for some years, a highly respectable puddle, as far as mud and stagnation went, had formed, and, on the surface of it drifted a solitary, purposeless, soleless old shoe, and one dismal duck which no amount of green peas would have ever persuaded me to eat. There was a chimney to the house, but not in the proper place, of course; it came out of one of the walls, close to the impromptu pigstye, in the shape of a rusty, battered iron funnel. There had never been anything to speak of done in the way of painting to the house; only some erratic journeyman painter passing that way had tried his brushes, in red, green, and yellow smudges on the wall; had commenced dead coloring one of the window sills; and had then given it up as a bad job. Some pretentious announcements relative to "Good wines and liquors;" and "Il y a un billard," there had been once above the door, but the rain had washed out some of the letters, and the smoke had obscured others, and the plaster had peeled off from beneath more; and some, perhaps, the writer had never finished; so the inscriptions were a mere wandering piece of idiotcy now. If anything were wanted to complete the general wretchedness of this house of dismal appearances it would have been found in the presence of a ghostly set of ninepins that Rip Van Winkle might have played with.

All these things were not calculated to inspire cheerfulness. I continued smoking, however, and thought that by and by I would enter the cabaret, and see if there were any live people there; which appeared unlikely.

All at once, there came out to me from the house a little man. It is not at all derogating from his manhood to state that he was also a little boy, of perhaps eight years old; but in look, in eye, in weird fur-cap, in pea-coat, blue canvas trousers, and sabots, he was at least thirty-seven years of age. He had a remarkable way, too, of stroking his chin with his hand. He looked at me long and fully, but without the slightest rudeness, or intrusive curiosity; then, sitting by my side on the great felled tree, he smoked a mental pipe (so it appeared to me) while I smoked a material one. Once, I think, he softly felt the texture of my coat; but I did not turn my head, and pretended not to notice.

We were getting on thus, very sociably together, without saying a word, when, having finished my pipe, I replaced it in my pouch, and began to remove a little of the superfluous dust from my boots. My pulverous appearance was the cue for the little man to address himself to speech.

"I see," said he, gravely, "you are one of those poor travellers whom mamma tells us we

are to take such care of. Attend, attend, I will do your affair for you in a moment."

He trotted across to the cabaret, and after a lapse of two or three minutes returned with a tremendous hunch of bread, a cube of cheese—which smelt, as the Americans say, rather loud, but was excellently well-tasted—and an anomalous sort of vessel that was neither a jug, a mug, a cup, a glass, nor a pint-pot, but partook of the characteristics of all—full of Macon wine.

"This is Friday," added the little man, "and meagre day, else should you be regaled with sausage—and of Lyons—of which we have as long as that;" saying which, he extended his little arms to perhaps half a yard's distance one from the other.

I did not care to inform the little man that I was of a persuasion that did not forbid the eating of sausages on Fridays. I ate the bread and cheese and drank the wine, all of which were very good and very palatable, very contentedly: the little man sitting by, the while, nursing one of his short legs, and talking to himself softly.

When I had finished I lighted another pipe, and went in for conversation with the little man. We soon exhausted the ordinary topics of conversation, such as the weather, the distance from the last town, and the distance to the next. I found that the little man's forte was interrogatory, and let him have his swing that way.

"You come from a long way?" he asked.

"A long way," I answered. "From beyond the Sous-prefecture, beyond Nantes, beyond Brest and L'Orient."

"But from a town, always? You come from a town where there are a great many people, and where they make wheels?"

I answered that I came from a large town, and that I had no doubt, though I had no personal experience in the matter, that wheels were made there.

"And cannot you make wheels?"

I told him I was not a wheelwright; I only made the wheels of watches, which were not the wheels he meant.

"Because," the little man went on to say, softly, and more to himself than to me: "mamma said he liked to live more in towns, where there were many people, and M. le Curé said that wherever wheels were made he could gain his bread."

I could not make much of this statement, so I puffed away at my pipe, and listened.

"By the way," my small but elderly companion remarked, "would you have any objection to my bringing my sister to you?"

The more I saw of so original a family the better, I thought; so I told him I should be delighted to see his sister.

He crossed over to the cabaret again, and

almost immediately afterwards returned, leading a little maid.

She seemed about a year younger, or a year older than her brother. I could not tell which. It did not matter which. She was very fair, and her auburn locks were confined beneath a little prim blue cap. Mittens, a striped woolen shirt, a smart white chemisette, blue hose, and trim little sabots — all these had the little maid. She had a little chain and golden cross; a pair of scissors hanging by a string to her girdle, a black tabinet apron, and a little silver ring on the forefinger of her left hand. Her eyes were very blue, but they could not see my dusty boots, my pipe, and three days' beard. They could not see the great felled tree, her brother in his pea-coat, the sky, the sun going down beyond the long straight banks of trees. They had never seen any of these things. The little maid was blind!

She had known all about me, however, as far as the boots, the pipe, the dust, the bread and cheese, my having come a long way, and not being a wheelwright went, long since. At least she seemed quite au fait on general topics connected with my social standing, or rather sitting, on the tree: and taking a seat on one side of me: her brother, the little man, on the other, the two little children began to chatter most delightfully.

Mamma worked in the fields. In her own fields. She had three fields: fields large as that! (distance measured by little maid's arms, after the manner of her brother in reference to the sausage question). Papa made wheels. They loved him very much; but he beat mamma, and drank wine by cannons. When he was between two wines (that is, drunk), he knocked Lili's head against the wall. (Lili was the little man). When M. le Curé tried to bring him to a sense of the moral, he laughed at his nose. He was a farcer was Papa. He made beautiful wheels, and earned money like that! (arm-measurement, again) except when he went weddingizing (nocer), when he always came back between two wines, and between the two fell to the ground. Papa went away, a long time — a very long time ago: before the white calf at the farm was born; before André drew the bad number in the conscription, and went away to Africa; before Lili had his grand-malady (little man looked a hundred years old with the conscious experience of a grand-malady. What was it? elephantiasis, spasmodic neuralgia? Something wonderful, with a long name, I am sure). Papa sold the brown horse, and the great bed in oak, before he went away. He also brised mamma's head with a bottle, previous to his departure. He was coming back some day. He was sure to come back. M. le Curé said, No, and that he was a worth-nothing; but mamma said, Yes, and cried; "though for my part," concluded the

little maid, when between herself and brother she had told me all this, "I think that poor papa never will come back, but he has gone away among those Bedouin Turks, who are so méchants, and that they have eaten him up."

The little blind fairy made this statement with an air of such positive yet mild conviction, crossing her mites of hands in her lap as she did so, that for the moment I would have no more attempted to question the prevalence of cannibalism in Constantinople than to deny the existence of the setting sun.

While these odd little people were thus entertaining me, Heaven knows where my thoughts were wandering. This strange life they led: the mother away at work; the drunken wheelwright-father a fugitive (he must have been an awful ruffian); and, strangest of all strange phases, that these two little ones should be left to keep a public house! I thought of all these things, and then my thoughts came back to, and centred themselves in the weird little figure of the blind girl beside me. It was but a poor little blind girl in a blue petticoat and sabots; yet so exquisitely regular were the features, so golden the hair, so firm, and smooth, and white — not marble, not wax, not ivory, yet partaking of all three; the complexion, so symmetrical every line, and so gloriously harmonious the whole combination of lines, that the little maid might have been taken then and there as she sat, popped in a frame, with "Raphaelle pinxit" in the corner, and purchased on the nail for five thousand guineas.

I could not help noticing from time to time, during our conversation, that the little man in the pea-coat turned aside to whisper somewhat mysteriously to his sister, and then looked at me more mysteriously still. He appeared to have something on his mind; and, after a nod of apparent acquiescence on the part of the little blind girl, it soon came out what the something was.

"My sister and I," said this small person, hope that you will not be offended with us, but would you have any objection to show us your tongue?"

This was, emphatically, a startler. Could the little man be a physician as well as a publican? I did as he asked me, though I am afraid I looked very foolish, and shut my eyes as I thrust forth the member he desired to inspect. He appeared highly gratified with the sight of my tongue, communicating the results of his observation thereof to his sister, who clapped her hands, and seemed much pleased. Then he condescended to explain.

"You see," said he, "that you told us you came from a distant country; that is well seen, for though you speak French like a little sheep, you do not speak it with the same tongue that we do."

My experience of the court-martial scene in Black-eyed Susan, had taught me that it was possible to play the fiddle like an angel; but this was the first time I had ever heard of a grown man talking like a little sheep. I took it as a compliment, however (whether I was right or wrong in doing so is questionable), and waited to hear more.

"And my sister says that the reason why all strangers from far countries cannot speak as we do, is, because they have a dark line right down their tongues. Now you must have a line down your tongue, though I am not tall enough to see it!"

The creed of this valiant little fellow in respect to lines and tongues had evidently been built, long since, upon a rock of ages of loving faith in what his sister had told him. Besides, how do I know? I never saw my tongue, except in a looking-glass, and that may have been false. My tongue may have five hundred lines crossing it at every imaginable angle, for aught I know.

So, we three, oddly assorted trio went chattering on, till the shadows warned me that twilight was fast approaching, and that I had two miles to walk to the town where I had appointed to sleep. Remembering then, that the little man had "done my affair for me," in an early stage of our interview, in the way of bread, and cheese, and wine, and not choosing to be really the poor traveller I seemed, I drew out a five-franc piece, and proffered payment.

Both the children refused the coin; and the little maid said gravely, "Mamma said that we were always to take care of poor travellers. What we have given you is *pour l'amour de Dieu*—for God's sake."

I tried to force some trifle on them as a gift, but they would have none of my coin. Seeing then that I looked somewhat disappointed, the little man, like a profound diplomatist as he was, smoothed away the difficulty in a moment.

"If you like to, go as far as you can see, to the right, towards the town," he said, "you will find a blind, old woman, playing upon a flageolet, and sitting at a cake-stall by the way side. And if you like to buy us some gingerbread, for three sous she will give you—oh! like that!" For the last time in this history, he extended his arms in sign of measurement.

I went as far as I could see, which was not far, and found the blind old woman playing on a flageolet, and not seeing at all. Of her did I purchase gingerbread, with brave, white almonds in it; following my own notions of measurement, I may hint, in respect to the number of sous worth.

Bringing it back to the children, I took them up and kissed them, and bade them

good-bye. Then I left them to the gingerbread and the desolate cabaret, until mamma should return from the fields, and that famous domestic institution, the "soupe," of which frequent mention had already been made during our intercourse should be ready.

I have never seen them since; I shall never see them again; but, if it ever be my lot to be no longer solitary, I pray that I may have a boy and girl, as wise, and good, and innocent as I am sure those little children were.

THE SIXTH POOR TRAVELLER,

Was the little widow. She had been sitting by herself in the darkest corner of the room all this time; her pale face often turned anxiously toward the door, and her hollow eyes watching restlessly, as if she expected some one to appear. She was very quiet, very grateful for any little kindness, very meek in the midst of her wildness. There was a strained expression in her eyes, and a certain excited air about her altogether, that was very near insanity; it seemed as if she had once been terrified by some sudden shock, to the verge of madness.

When her turn came to speak, she began in a low voice—her eyes still glancing to the door—and spoke, as if to herself rather than to the rest of us; speaking low but rapidly—somewhat like a somnambule repeating a lesson:

They advised me not to marry him (she began). They told me he was wild—unprincipled—bad; but I did not care for what they said. I loved him and I disbelieved them. I never thought about his goodness—I only knew that he was beautiful and gifted beyond all that I had ever met with in our narrow society. I loved him, with no passing school girl fancy, but with my whole heart—my whole soul. I had no life, no joy, no hope without him, and heaven would have been no heaven to me if he had not been there. I say all this, simply to show what a madness of devotion mine was.

My dear mother was very kind to me throughout. She had loved my father, I believe, almost to the same extent; so that she could sympathize with me even while discouraging. She told me that I was wrong and foolish, and that I should repent; but I kissed away the painful lines between her eyes and made her smile when I tried to prove to her that love was better than prudence. So we married; not so much without the consent as against the wish of my family; and even that wish withheld in sorrow and in love. I remember all this now, and see the true proportions of everything; then, I was blinded by my passions, and understood nothing.

We went away to our pretty, bright home,

in one of the neighborhoods of London, near a park. We lived there for many months—I, in a state of intoxication rather than of earthly happiness, and he was happy, too, then, for I am sure he was innocent, and I know he loved me. Oh, dreams—dreams!

I did not know my husband's profession. He was always busy and often absent; but he never told me what he did. There had been no settlements either, when I married. He said he had a conscientious scruple against them; that they were insulting to a man's honor and degrading to any husband. This was one of the reasons why, at home, they did not wish me to marry him. But I was only glad to be able to show him how I trusted him, by meeting his wishes and refusing on my own account, to accept the legal protection of settlements. It was such a pride to me to sacrifice all to him. Thus I knew nothing of his real life—his pursuits or his fortunes. I never asked him any questions, as much from indifference to everything but his love as from a wisely blindness of trust. When he came home at night, sometimes very gay, singing opera songs and calling me his little Medora, as he used when in a good humor, I was gay too, and grateful. And when he came home moody and irritable—which he used to do, often, after we had been married about three months, once even threatening to strike me, with that fearful glare in his eyes I remember so well, and used to see so often afterwards—then I was patient and silent, and never attempted even to take his hand or kiss his forehead when he bade me be still and not interrupt him. He was my law, and his approbation the sunshine of my life; so that my very obedience was selfishness; for my only joy was to see him happy, and my only duty to obey him.

My sister came to visit us. My husband had seen very little of her before our marriage; for she had often been from home when he was with us, down at Hurst Farm—that was the name of my dear mother's place—and I had always fancied they had not liked even the little they had seen of each other. Ellen was never loud or importunate in her opposition. I knew that she did not like the marriage, but she did not interfere. I remember quite well the only time she spoke openly to me on the subject—how she flung herself at my knees, with a passion very rare in her, beseeching me to pause and reflect, as if I had sold myself to my ruin when I promised to be Harry's wife. How she prayed! poor Ellen! I can see her now, with her heavy, uncurled hair falling on her neck, as she knelt, half undressed, her large eyes full of agony and supplication, like a martyred saint praying. Poor Ellen! I thought her prejudiced then; and this unspoken injustice has lain

like a heavy crime on my heart ever since; for I know that I judged her wrongfully, and that I was ungrateful for her love.

She came to see us. This was about a year and a half after I married. She was more beautiful than ever, but somewhat sterner as well as sadder. She was tall, strong in person, and dignified in manner. There was a certain manly character in her beauty, as well as in her mind, that made one respect and fear her too a little. I do not mean that she was masculine, or hard, or coarse; she was a true woman in grace and gentleness; but she was braver than women in general. She had more self reliance, was more resolute and steadfast, and infinitely less impulsive, and was more active and powerful in body.

My husband was very kind to her. He paid her great attention; and sometimes I half perceived that he liked her almost better than he liked me—he used to look at her so often; but with such a strange expression in his eyes! I never could quite make it out, whether it was love or hate. Certainly, after she came, his manner changed towards me. I was not jealous. I did not suspect this change from any small feeling of wounded self love, or from any envy of my sister; but I saw it—I felt it in my heart—yet without connecting it with Ellen in any way. I knew that he no longer loved me as he used to do; but I did not think he loved her; at least, not with the same kind of love. I used to be surprised at Ellen's conduct to him. She was more than cold; she was passionately rude and unkind; not so much when I was there as when I was away. For I used to hear her voice speaking in those deep, indignant tones that are worse to bear than the harshest scream of passion; and sometimes I used to hear harsh words—he speaking at the first soft and pleadingly, often to end in a terrible burst of anger and imprecation. I could not understand why they quarrelled. There was a mystery between them that I did not know of; and I did not like to ask them, for I was afraid of them both—as much afraid of Ellen as of my husband—and I felt like a reed between them—as if I should have been crushed beneath any storm I might chance to wake up. So I was silent—suffering alone, and bearing a cheerful face so far as I could.

Ellen wanted me to return home with her. Soon after she came, and soon after I heard the first dispute between them, she urged me to go back to Hurst Farm; at once and for a long time. Weak as I am by nature, it has always been a marvel to me since, how strong I was where my love for my husband was concerned. It seemed impossible for me to yield to any pressure against him. I believe now that a very angel could not have turned me from him!

At last she said to me, in a low voice:—"Mary, this is madness!—it is almost sinful! Can you not see—can you not hear?" And then she stopped and would say no more, though I urged her to tell me what she meant. For this terrible mystery began to weigh on me painfully, and for all that I trembled so much to fathom it, I had begun to feel that any truth would be better than such a life of dread. I seemed to be living among shadows; my very husband and sister not real, for their real lives were hidden from me. But I was too timid to insist on an explanation, and so things went on in their old way.

In one respect only changing still more painfully, still more markedly; in my husband's conduct to me. He was like another creature altogether to me now, he was so altered. He seldom spoke to me at all, and he never spoke kindly. All that I did annoyed him, all that I said irritated him; and once (the little widow covered her face with her hands and shuddered) he spurned me with his foot and cursed me, one night in our own room, when I knelt weeping before him, supplicating him for pity's sake to tell me how I had offended him. But I said to myself that he was tired, annoyed, and that it was irritating to see a loving woman's tears; and so I excused him, as often times before, and went on loving him all the same—God forgive me for my idolatry!

Things had been very bad of late between Ellen and my husband. But the character of their discord was changed. Instead of reproaching, they watched each other incessantly. They put me in mind of fencers—my husband on the defensive.

"Mary," said my sister to me suddenly, coming to the sofa where I was sitting embroidering my poor baby's cap. "What does your Harry do in life? What is his profession?"

She fixed her eyes on me earnestly.

"I do not know, darling," I answered, vaguely. "He has no profession that I know of."

"But what fortune has he, then? Did he not tell you what his income was, and how obtained, when he married? To us, he said only that he had so much a year—a thousand a year; and he would say no more. But has he not been more explicit with you?"

"No," I answered, considering; for, indeed, I had never thought of this. I had trusted so blindly to him in everything, that it would have seemed to me, a profound insult to have even asked of his affairs. "No, he never told me anything about his fortune, Ellen. He gives me money when I want it, and is always generous. He seems to have plenty; whenever it is asked for, he has it by him, and gives me even more than I require."

Still her eyes kept looking at me in that strange manner. "And this is all you know?"

"Yes—all. What more should I wish to know? Is he not the husband, and has he not absolute right over everything! I have no business to interfere." The words sound harsher now than they did then, for I spoke lovingly.

Ellen touched the little cap I held. "Does not this make you anxious?" she said. "Can you not fear as a mother, even while you love as a wife?"

"Fear, darling! Why? What should I fear, or whom? What is there, Ellen, on your heart?" I then added passionately. "Tell me at once; for I know that you have some terrible secret concealed from me; and I would rather know anything—whatever it may be—than live on, longer, in this kind of suspense and anguish! It is too much for me to bear, Ellen."

She took my hands. "Have you strength?" she said earnestly. "Could you really bear the truth?" Then seeing my distress, for I had fallen into a kind of hysterical fit—I was very delicate then—she shook her head in despair, and, letting my hands fall heavily on my lap, said in an under tone, "No, no! she is too weak—too childish!" Then she went upstairs abruptly; and I heard her walking about her own room for nearly an hour after, in long steady steps.

I have often thought that, had she told me then, and taken me to her heart—her strong, brave, noble heart—I could have derived courage from it, and could have borne the dreadful truth I was forced to know afterwards. But the strong are so impatient with us! They leave us too soon—their own strength revolts at our weakness; so we are often left, broken in this weakness, for want of a little patience and sympathy.

Harry came in, a short time after Ellen had left me. "What has she been saying?" he cried, passionately. His eyes were wild and bloodshot; his beautiful black hair flung all in disorder about his face.

"Dear Harry, she has said nothing about you," I answered, trembling. "She only asked what was your profession, and how much we had a year. That was all."

"Why did she ask this? What business was it of hers?" cried Harry, fiercely. "Tell me;" and he shook me roughly; "what did you answer her, little fool?"

"Oh, nothing;" and I began to cry: it was because he frightened me. "I said, what is true, that I knew nothing of your affairs, as indeed what concern is it of mine? I could say nothing more, Harry."

"Better that than too much," he muttered; and then he flung me harshly back on the sofa, saying, "Tears and folly and weakness! The

same round—always the same! Why did I marry a mere pretty doll—a plaything—no wife!”

“And then he seemed to think he had said too much: for he came to me and kissed me, and said that he loved me. But, for the first time in our married life his kisses did not soothe me, nor did I believe his assurances.

All that night I heard Ellen walk steadily and unresting through her room. She never slackened her pace, she never stopped, she never hurried; but, the same slow measured tread went on; the firm foot, yet light, falling as if to music, her very step the same mixture of manliness and womanhood as her character.

After this burst of passion Harry's tenderness to me became unbounded; as if he wished to make up to me for some wrong. I need not say how soon I forgave him, nor how much I loved him again. All my love came back in one full boundless tide; and the current of my being set towards him again as before. If he had asked me for my life then, as his mere fancy, to destroy, I would have given it to him. I would have lain down and died, if he had wished to see the flowers grow over my grave.

My husband and Ellen grew more estranged as his affections seemed to return to me. His manner to her was defying; hers to him contemptuous. I heard her call him villain once, in the garden below the windows; at which he laughed—his wicked laugh, and said “tell her, and see if she will believe you!”

I was sitting in the window, working. It was a cold damp day in the late autumn, when those chill fogs of November are just beginning; those fogs with the frost in them, that steal into one's very heart. It was a day when a visible blight is in the air, when death is abroad everywhere, and suffering and crime. I was alone in the drawing-room. Ellen was up-stairs, and my husband, as I believed, in the City. But I have remembered since, that I heard the hall-door softly opened, and a footstep steal quietly by the drawing-room up the stairs. The evening was just beginning to close in—dull, gray, and ghostlike; the dying daylight melting into the long shadows that stalked like wandering ghosts about the fresh-made grave of nature. I sat working still, at some of those small garments about which I dreamed such fond dreams, and wove such large hopes of happiness; and as I sat, while the evening fell heavy about me, a mysterious shadow of evil passed over me, a dread presentiment, a consciousness of ill, that made me tremble, as if in ague—angry at myself though for my folly. But, it was reality. It was no hysterical sipking of the spirits that I felt; no mere nervousness or cowardice; it was something I had never known before; a

knowledge, a presence, a power, a warning word, a spirit's cry, that had swept by me as the fearful evil marched on to its conclusion.

I heard a faint scream up stairs. It was so faint I could scarcely distinguish it from a sudden rush of wind through an opening door, or the chirp of a mouse behind the wainscot. Presently, I heard the same sound again; and then a dull muffled noise overhead, as of some one walking heavily, or dragging a heavy weight across the floor. I sat petrified by fear. A nameless agony was upon me that deprived me of all power of action. I thought of Harry and I thought of Ellen, in an inextricable cipher of misery and agony; but I could not have defined a line in my own mind; I could not have explained what it was I feared. I only knew that it was sorrow that was to come, and sin. I listened, but all was still again; once only, I thought I heard a low moan, and once a muttering voice—which I know now to have been my husband's, speaking passionately to himself.

And then his voice swept stormfully through the house, crying wildly, “Mary, Mary! Quick here! Your sister! Ellen!”

I ran up stairs. It seems to me now, that I almost flew. I found Ellen lying on the floor of her own room, just inside the door; her feet towards the door of my husband's study, which was immediately opposite her room. She was fainting; at least I thought so then. We raised her up between us; my husband trembling more than I; and I unfastened her gown, and threw water on her face, and pushed back her hair; but she did not revive. I told Harry to go for a doctor. A horrid thought was stealing over me; but he lingered, as I fancied, unaccountably and cruelly, though I twice asked him to go. Then, I thought that perhaps he was too much overcome; so I went to him, and kissed him, and said, “She will soon be better, Harry,” cheerfully, to cheer him. But I felt in my heart that she was no more.

At last, after many urgent entreaties, and after the servants had come up, clustering in a frightened way round the bed—but he sent them away again immediately—he put on his hat, and went out, soon returning with a strange man; not our own doctor. This man was rude and coarse, and ordered me aside, as I stood bathing my sister's face, and pulling her arm and hand roughly, to see how dead they fell, and stooped down close to her lips—I thought he touched them even—all in a violent and insolent way, that shocked me and bewildered me. My husband stood in the shadow, ghastly pale, but not interfering.

It was too true, what the strange man had said so coarsely. She was dead. Yes; the creature that an hour ago had been so full of life, so beautiful, so resolute, and young, was

now a stiffening corpse, inanimate and dead, without life and without hope. Oh! that word had set my brain on fire! Dead! here, in my house, under my roof—dead so mysteriously, so strangely—why? How? It was a fearful dream, it was no truth that lay there. I was in a nightmare; I was not sane; and thinking how ghastly it all was, I fainted softly on the bed, no one knowing, till some time after, that I had fallen and was not praying. When I recovered I was in my own room, alone. Crawling feebly to my sister's door, I found that she had been washed and dressed, and was now laid out on her bed. It struck me that all had been done in strange haste; Harry telling me the servants had done it while I fainted. I knew afterwards that he had told them it was I, and that I would have no help. The mystery of it all was soon to be unravelled.

One thing I was decided on—to watch by my sister this night. It was in vain that my husband opposed me; in vain that he coaxed me by his caresses, or tried to terrify me with angry threats. Something of my sister's nature seemed to have passed into me; and unless he had positively prevented me by force, no other means would have had any effect. He gave way to me at last—angrily—and the night came on and found me sitting by the bedside watching my dear sister.

How beautiful she looked! Her face, still with the gentle mark of sorrow on it that it had in life, looked so grand! She was so great, so pure; she was like a goddess sleeping; she was not like a mere woman of this earth. She did not seem to be dead; there was life about her yet, for there was still the look of power and of human sympathy that she used to have when alive. The soul was there still, and love, and knowledge.

By degrees a strange feeling of her living presence in the room came over me. Alone in the still midnight, with no sound, no person near me, it seemed as if I had leisure and power to pass into the world beyond the grave. I felt my sister near me; I felt the passing of her life about me, as when one sleeps, but still is conscious that another life is weaving in with ours. It seemed as if her breath fell warm on my face; as if her shadowy arms held me in their clasp; as if her eyes were looking through the darkness at me; as if I held her hands in mine, and her long hair floated round my forehead. And then, to shake off these fancies, and convince myself that she was really dead, I looked again and again at her lying there: a marble corpse, ice-cold with the lips set and rigid, and the death band beneath her chin. There she was, stiff in her white shroud, the snowy linen pressing so lightly on her; no life within, no warmth about her, and all my fancies were vain dreams.

Then I buried my face in my hands, and wept as if my heart was breaking. And when I turned away my eyes from her, the presence came around me again. So long as I watched her, it was not there; I saw the corpse only; but when I shut this out from me, then it seemed as if a barrier had been removed, and that my sister floated near me again.

I had been praying, sitting thus in these alternate feelings of her spiritual presence and her bodily death, when, raising my head and looking towards the farther corner of the room, I saw, standing at some little distance, my sister Ellen. I saw her distinctly, as distinctly as you may see that red fire blaze. Sadly and lovingly her dark eyes looked at me, sadly her gentle lips smiled, and by look and gesture too she showed me that she wished to speak to me. Strange, I was not frightened. It was so natural to see her there, that for the moment I forgot that she was dead.

Ellen! I said, "what is it?"

The figure smiled. It came nearer. Oh! do not say it was fancy! I saw it advance; it came glidingly; I remembered afterwards that it did not walk—but it came forward—to the light, and stood not ten paces from me. It looked at me still, in the same sad gentle way, and somehow—I do not know whether with the hand or by the turning of the head—it showed me the throat, where were the distinct marks of two powerful hands. And then it pointed to its heart; and looking, I saw the broad stain of blood above it. And then I heard her voice—I swear I was not mad—I heard it, I say to you distinctly—whisper softly, "Mary!" and then it said, still more audibly, "Murdered!"

And then the figure vanished, and suddenly the whole room was vacant. That one dread word had sounded as if forced out by the pressure of some strong agony,—like a man revealing his life's secret when dying. And when it had been spoken, or rather wailed forth, there was a sudden sweep and chilly rush through the air; and the life, the soul, the presence, fled. I was alone again with Death. The mission had been fulfilled; the warning had been given; and then my sister passed away,—for her work with earth was done.

Brave and calm as the strongest man that ever fought on a battle-field, I stood up beside my sister's body. I unfastened her last dress, and threw it back from her chest and shoulders; I raised her head and took off the bandage from round her face; and then I saw deep black bruises on her throat, the marks of hands that had grappled her from behind, and that had strangled her. And then I looked further, and I saw a small wound below the left breast, about which hung two or three clots of blood, that had oozed up, des-

pite all care and knowledge in her manner of murder. I knew then she had first been suffocated, to prevent her screams, and then stabbed where the wound would bleed inwardly, and show no sign to the mere bystander.

I covered her up carefully again. I laid the pillow smooth and straight, and laid the heavy head gently down. I drew the shroud close above the dreadful mark of murder. And then—still as calm and resolute as I had been ever since the revelation had come to me—I left the room, and passed into my husband's study. It was on me to discover all the truth.

His writing-table was locked. Where my strength came from, I know not; but, with a chisel that was lying on the table, I prized the drawer and broke the lock. I opened it. There was a long and slender dagger lying there, red with blood; a handful of woman's hair rudely severed from the head, lay near it. It was my sister's hair!—that wavy silken uncurled auburn hair that I had always loved and admired so much! and near to these again, were stamps, and dies, and moulds, and plates, and handwritings with facsimiles beneath, and bankers' cheques, and a heap of leaden coin, and piles of incomplete bank-notes; and all the evidences of a coiner's and a forger's trade,—the suspicion of which had caused those bitter quarrellings between poor Ellen and my husband—the knowledge of which had caused her death.

With these things I saw also a letter addressed to Ellen in my husband's handwriting. It was an unfinished letter, as if it had displeased him, and he had made another copy. It began with these words—no fear that I should forget them; they are burnt into my brain—"I never really loved her, Ellen: she pleased me, only as a doll would please a child; and I married her from pity, not from love. You, Ellen, you alone could fill my heart; you alone are my fit helpmate. Fly with me Ellen——." Here, the letter was left unfinished; but it gave me enough to explain all the meaning of the first weeks of my sister's stay here, and why she had called him villain, and why he had told her that she might tell me, and that I would not believe.

I saw it all now. I turned my head, to see my husband standing a few paces behind me. Good Heaven! I have often thought, was that man the same man I had loved so long and fondly?

The strength of horror, not of courage, upheld me. I knew he meant to kill me, but that did not alarm me; I only dreaded lest his hand should touch me. It was not death, it was he I shrank from. I believe if he had touched me then, I should have fallen dead at his feet. I stretched out my arms in horror,

to thrust him back, uttering a piercing shriek; and while he made an effort to seize me, overreaching himself in the madness of his fury, I rushed by him, shrieking still, and so fled away into the darkness, where I lived, oh! for many months!

When I woke again, I found that my poor body had died, and that my husband had gone none knew where. But the fear of his return haunted me. I could get no rest day or night for dread of him; and I felt going mad with the one hard thought for ever pitilessly pursuing me—that I should fall again into his hands. I put on widow's weeds—for indeed am I too truly widowed!—and then I began wandering about; wandering in poverty and privation, expecting every moment to meet him face to face; wandering about, so that I may escape the more easily when the moment does come.

THE SEVENTH POOR TRAVELLER.

We were all yet looking at the Widow, after her frightened voice had died away, when the Book-Peddler, apparently afraid of being forgotten, asked what did we think of his giving us a Legend to wind-up with? We all said (except the Lawyer, who wanted a description of the murderer to send to the Police Hue and Cry, and who was with great difficulty nudged to silence by the united efforts of the company) that we thought we should like it. So, the Book-Peddler started off at score, thus:

GIRT round with rugged mountains

The fair Lake Constance lies;
In her blue heart reflected,
Shine back the starry skies;
And watching each white cloudlet
Float silently and slow,
You think a piece of Heaven
Lies on our earth below!

Midnight is there: and silence
Enthroned in Heaven, looks down
Upon her own calm mirror,
Upon a sleeping town:
For Bregenz, that quaint city
Upon the Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance,
A thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers,
Upon their rocky steep,
Have cast their trembling shadow
For ages on the deep;
Mountain, and lake, and valley,
A sacred legend know,
Of how the town was saved, one night,
Three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred,
A Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys,

And toil for daily bread ;
And every year that fled
So silently and fast,
Seemed to bear farther from her
The memory of the Past.

She served kind, gentle master,
Nor asked for rest or change ;
Her friends seemed no more new ones,
Their speech seemed no more strange ;
And when she led her cattle
To pasture every day,
She ceased to look and wonder
On which side Bregenz lay.

She spoke no more of Bregenz,
With longing and with tears ;
Her Tyrol home seemed faded
In a deep mist of years ;
She heeded not the rumors
Of Austrian war and strife ;
Each day she rose contented,
To the calm toils of life.

Yet, when her master's children
Would clustering round her stand,
She sang them the old ballads
Of her own native land ;
And when at morn and evening
She knelt before God's throne,
The accents of her childhood
Rose to her lips alone.

And so she dwelt ; the valley
More peaceful year by year ;
Yet suddenly strange portents,
Of some great deed seemed near.
The golden corn was bending
Upon its fragile stalk,
While farmers, heedless of their fields,
Paced up and down in talk.

The men seemed stern and altered,
With looks cast on the ground ;
With anxious faces, one by one,
The women gathered round ;
All talk of flax, or spinning,
Or work was put away ;
The very children seemed afraid
To go alone to play.

One day, out in the meadow
With strangers from the town,
Some secret plan discussing,
The men walked up and down.
Yet, now and then seemed watching,
A strange, uncertain gleam,
That looked like lances 'mid the trees,
That stood below the stream.

At eve they all assembled,
All care and doubt were fled ;
With jovial laugh they feasted,
The board was nobly spread.
The elder of the village
Rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, " We drink the downfall
Of an accursed land !

" The night is growing darker,
" Ere one more day is flown,
" Bregenz, our foemen's stronghold,
" Bregenz shall be our own !"
The women shrank in terror
(Yet Pride, too, had her part),
But one poor Tyrol maiden
Felt death within her heart.

Before her, stood fair Bregenz ;
Once more her towers arose ;
What were the friends beside her ?
Only her country's foes !
The faces of her kinsfolk,
The days of childhood flown,
The echoes of her mountains,
Reclaimed her as their own !

Nothing she heard around her,
(Though shouts rang forth again,)
Gone were the green Swiss valleys,
The pasture, and the plain ;
Before her eyes one vision,
And in her heart one cry,
That said, " Go forth, save Bregenz,
" And then, if need be, die !"

With trembling haste and breathless,
With noiseless step, she sped ;
Horses and weary cattle
Were standing in the shed.
She loosed the strong white charger,
That fed from out her hand ;
She mounted, and she turned his head,
Towards her native land.

Out—out into the darkness—
Faster, and still more fast ;
The smooth grass flies behind her,
The chestnut wood is past ;
She looks up ; clouds are heavy :
Why is her steed so slow ?
Scarcely the wind beside them,
Can pass them as they go.

" Faster !" she cries, O, faster !"
Eleven, the church-bells chime ;
" O, God," she cries, " help Bregenz,
" And bring me there in time !"
But louder than bells' ringing,
Or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight
The rushing of the Rhine.

She strives to pierce the blackness,
And looser throws the rein ;
Her steed must breast the waters
That dash above his mane.
How gallantly, how nobly,
He struggles through the foam,
And see—in the far distance,
Shine out the lights of home !

Shall not the roaring waters
Their headlong gallop check ?
The steed draws back in terror,
She leans above his neck
To watch the flowing darkness,
The bank is high and steep,

One pause—he staggers forward,
And plunges in the deep.

Up the steep bank he bears her,
And now, they rush again
Towards the heights of Bregenz,
That Tower above the plain.
They reach the gate of Bregenz,
Just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier
To meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight
Her battlements are manned;
Defiance greets the army
That marches on the land.
And if to deeds heroic
Should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well to honor
The noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished,
And yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises,
To do her honor still.
And there, when Bregenz women
Sit spinning in the shade,
They see in quaint old carving,
The Charger and the Maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz,
By gateway, street and tower,
The warder paces all night long,
And calls each passing hour;
"Nine," "ten," "eleven," he cries aloud,
And then, (O, crown of Fame!)
When midnight pauses in the skies,
He calls the maiden's name!

THE ROAD.

THE stories being all finished, and the Wassail too, we broke up as the Cathedral-bell struck Twelve. I did not take leave of my Travellers that night; for, it had come into my head to reappear in conjunction with some hot coffee, at seven in the morning.

As I passed along the High Street, I heard the Waits at a distance, and struck off to find them. They were playing near one of the old gates of the City, at the corner of a wonderfully quaint row of red-brick tenements, which the clarinet obligingly informed me were inhabited by the Minor-Canons. They had odd little porches over the doors, like sounding-boards over old pulpits; and I thought I should like to see one of the Minor-Canons come out upon his top step, and favor us with a little Christmas discourse about the poor scholars of Rochester; taking for his text the words of his Master, relative to the devouring of Widows' houses.

The clarinet was so communicative, and my inclinations were (as they generally are,) of so vagabond a tendency, that I accompanied the Waits across an open green called

the Vines, and assisted—in the French sense at the performance of two waltzes, two polkas, and three Irish melodies, before I thought of my inn any more. However, I returned to it then, and found a fiddle in the kitchen, and Ben, the wall-eyed young man, and two chambermaids, circling round the great deal table with the utmost animation.

I had a very bad night. It cannot have been owing to the turkey, or the beef—and the Wassail is out of the question—but, in every endeavor that I made to get to sleep, I failed most dismally. Now, I was at Badajos with a fiddle; now, haunted by the widow's murdered sister. Now, I was riding on a little blind girl, to save my native town from sack and ruin. Now, I was expostulating with the dead mother of the unconscious little sailor-boy; now, dealing in diamonds in Sky Fair; now, for life or death, hiding mince-pies under bedroom carpets. For all this, I was never asleep; and, in whatsoever unreasonable direction my mind rambled, the effigy of Master Richard Watts perpetually embarrassed it.

In a word, I only got out of the worshipful Master Richard Watts's way, by getting out of bed in the dark at six o'clock, and tumbling, as my custom is, into all the cold water that could be accumulated for the purpose. The outer air was dull and cold enough in the street, when I came down there; and the one candle in our supper-room at Watts's Charity looked as pale in the burning, as if it had had a bad night too. But, my Travellers had all slept soundly, and they took to the hot coffee, and the piles of bread and butter which Ben had arranged like deals in a timber-yard, as kindly as I could desire.

While it was yet scarcely daylight, we all came out into the street together, and there shook hands. The widow took the little sailor towards Chatham, where he was to find a steamboat for Sheerness; the lawyer, with an extremely knowing look, went his own way, without committing himself by announcing his intentions; two more struck off by the cathedral and old castle for Maidstone; and the book-peddler accompanied me over the bridge. As for me, I was going to walk, by Cobham Woods, as far upon my way to London as I fancied.

When I came to the stile and footpath by which I was to diverge from the main-road, I bade farewell to my last remaining Poor Traveller, and pursued my way alone. And now, the mists began to rise in the most beautiful manner, and the sun to shine; and as I went on through the bracing air, seeing the hoar-frost sparkle everywhere, I felt as if all Nature shared in the joy of the great Birthday.

Going through the woods, the softness of my tread upon the mossy ground and among the brown leaves, enhanced the Christmas

sacredness by which I felt surrounded. As the whitened stems environed me, I thought how the Founder of the time had never raised his benignant hand, save to bless and heal, except in the case of one unconscious tree. By Cobham Hall, I came to the village, and the churchyard where the dead had been quietly buried, "in the sure and certain hope" which Christmas time inspired. What children could I see at play, and not be loving of, recalling who had loved them! No garden that I passed, was out of unison with the day, for I remembered that the tomb was in a garden, and that "she, supposing him to be the gardener," had said, "Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away." In time, the distant river with the ships, came full in view, and with it pictures of the poor fishermen mending their nets, who arose and followed him—of the teaching of the people from a ship pushed off a little way from shore, by reason of the mul-

titude—of a majestic figure walking on the water, in the loneliness of night. My very shadow on the ground was eloquent of Christmas; for, did not the people lay their sick where the mere shadows of the men who had heard and seen him, might fall as they passed along?

Thus, Christmas begirt me, far and near, until I had come to Blackheath, and had walked down the long vista of gnarled old trees in Greenwich Park, and was being steam-rattled, through the mists now closing in once more, towards the lights of London. Brightly they shone, but not so brightly as my own fire and the brighter faces around it, when we came together to celebrate the day. And there I told of worthy Master Richard Watts, and of my supper with the Six Poor Travellers who were neither Rogues nor Proctors, and from that hour to this, I have never seen one of them again.

EUGENE ARAM.

Pray find room for the following cutting:—

Copy of a manuscript found on a table in the cell of Eugene Aram, who was executed at York on the 6th of August inst., for the murder of Mr. Daniel Clark, of Knarborough, in February, 1744-5. It was written before an attempt he had made, the morning of his execution, to take away his own life by cutting his arm in two places with a razor.

"What am I better than my fathers? To die is natural and necessary. Perfectly sensible of this, I fear no more to die than I did to be born: but the manner of it is something which should, in my opinion be decent and manly. I think I have regarded both these points. Certainly nobody has a better right to dispose of man's life than himself, and he, not others, should determine how. As for any indignities offered to my body, or silly reflections on my faith and morals, they are (as they always were) things indifferent to me. I think, though contrary to the common way of thinking, I wrong no man by this, and hope it is not offensive to that Eternal Being that formed me and the world; and, as by this I injure no man, no man can be reasonably offended. I solicitously recommend myself to the Eternal and Almighty being, the God of Nature, if I have done amiss. But perhaps I have not; and I hope this thing will never be imputed to me. Though I am now stained by malevolence, and suffer by prejudice, I hope to rise fair and unblemished. My life was not polluted, my morals irreproachable, and my opinions orthodox.

"I slept soundly till three o'clock, awaked, and then writ these lines:

"Come, pleasing Rest, eternal Slumber, fall;
Seal mine, that once must seal the eyes of all.
Calm and composed my soul her journey takes,
No guilt that troubles, and no heart that aches.
Adieu! thou Sun, all bright like her arise;
Adieu! fair Friends, and all that's good and
wise."

Gloucester Journal, Sept. 4, 1759.

In the same paper occurs the following:—

The morning after he was condemned he confessed the justice of his sentence, but reflected on the integrity and candor of the Court. Being asked by a clergyman what his motive was for committing the murder, he said, he suspected Clark of having an unlawful commerce with his wife; that he was persuaded, at the time when he committed the murder, he did right, but since he has thought it wrong.

Are these statements to be relied on? If so, how can we reconcile the spirit of the MS. with the confession? And farther still, how can either be reconciled with the character of Aram, as painted by Bulwer? "The man of pure and lofty imaginings" could scarcely have written such a MS., filled as it is with false and self-sufficient ideas.—*Notes and Queries.*

THE Paris *Siccle* tells a story of the coulisses. The heroine was a favorite at one of the vaudeville theatres; she had received many rich presents—not for her virtue; she suddenly resolved to marry, and she fixed on a young Marquis. She ascertained that he was rich, and an engagement followed. But the Marquis said he could not receive her as his wife with the money she had not earned by the stage—she must return the presents she had received, sell her goods and give the proceeds to the poor, and then she should become a rich wife. She obeyed her lover's commands, much to the joy of some gentlemen who had been ruined by her extravagance. The Marquis now suddenly disappeared! The rage of the actress may be conceived: she threatens legal proceedings.

From the Examiner, 9 Dec.

UNITED STATES' CANARDS.

THE public have been informed during the past week, (on the authority chiefly of the New York Herald, to be sure,) of several startling resolutions and recommendations purporting to proceed from the congress of the United States' ministers recently held at Ostend. Now, certainly, it is not our business to explain or defend the transactions of that unusual diplomatic assembly; it may very possibly have come to opinions and determinations that the English people can little approve of; but that men of capacity and reputation, like Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Mason, ever agreed to the nonsense which the New York Herald tells us they have recommended to their government, is quite out of the question.

According to that journal the assembled ministers have recommended to the Washington Cabinet to offer to purchase Cuba: and at the same time to intimate to the Court of Madrid an intention to take the island by force, should its sale be refused. There is, we feel quite sure, we may assert, not the slightest foundation for this statement. Its absurdity is, indeed, patent on its very face; for the expression of a desire to buy, accompanied by a threat to take, would, it is obvious, not only most effectually prevent any negotiations for purchase, but would arm all Europe against a felony so audaciously announced.

Again, it is announced that the Ostend Congress recorded its opinion, that the time had now come for the United States actively to interfere in European politics. This announcement is, we believe, equally untrue. Any such interference would be opposed to the whole current of United States' policy; and though there may be young Americans who, to influence an election at home, talk of reversing and disregarding, on this point, the wisdom of Washington, and the established practice of the Republic, there is no rational man in the Union, who seriously entertains or expresses such a wish. At all events, it never can have entered into the minds of the Ostend assemblage. That is quite certain.

As we have never hesitated to censure American diplomacy when trespassing out of its proper limits, or disregarding the ordinary comities of nations, by so much more, in the interests of truth and peace, are we bound to correct popular rumors, and mischievously intended reports affecting it, for which there is no ground. The true policy of this country is to cultivate, on just and honorable bases, the closest alliance with the Great Republic across the Atlantic; and just as, between people in private life, gossip and tittle-tattle frequently produce alienation and ill will, so it is between England and the United States. They are a little too sensitive and credulous, we perhaps a little too jealous and critical; and the cultivation of these faults on either side is likely to produce incalculable evils to both, and to the world. Public sentiment in the States may occasionally grate on our minds, when discussing the events of a war, which is there only seen from a distance; but while we have exceptional

Brights and Sturges at home to censure, and so long as the United States' government pursues, with the approbation of the great majority of the Union, its present honorable policy of strict neutrality, we have nothing to complain of—nay, much to be thankful for, seeing the price Russia would pay for co-operation and aid from that quarter. In peace, or in war, let us remain friends. Let us, above all things, be careful so to conduct ourselves, from the court to the newspaper, as shall avoid giving offence.

The same New York journalist speaks of Mr. Buchanan's retirement from his mission at this Court early next spring, and of certain contemplated changes at Washington, which will replace him by Mr. Marcy, the present Secretary of State. But the truth of the case in relation to Mr. Buchanan, as we have from the beginning understood it, is, that, in accepting the appointment he now holds, he expressly limited its duration to two years; and on their expiration, not in the spring, but in the autumn of 1855, it is, we presume, probable that he will resign.—The grounds of his retirement will, it is obvious, be American considerations, not European dis-appointments.

From the Examiner, 9 Dec.

THE RIFLE.

In answer to many inquiries we have had as to our reasons for suggesting a smaller ball than is usually supplied to this weapon, and a Swiss or American stock, we cannot do better than print what we have received from a valued correspondent, well acquainted with the subject, and entering minutely into the practical details of it.

THESE two points are, in truth, of essential importance, and this cannot be understood except by those who have brought attentive reflection to a practical knowledge of the use of the weapon in various circumstances. The best shot will never be able to fire well a rifle that kicks, and for two reasons, the first, because the deviation of the barrel, in its recoil, from the line in which the shooter holds it, takes place before the ball leaves the mouth of it; and the second, because there is no shooter who can disengage his mind from the apprehension of the recoil at the very moment when he decides to press the trigger, and at that moment his mind ought not to be subject to any disturbing influence of any sort. This apprehension, when he knows by experience the weapon will recoil, induces him to provide against it by making a particular contraction of the muscles of both his arms, which deranges his aim.

There is no way of obviating this evil, but by making the barrel very thick, and consequently very heavy, and employing a small ball and a small charge of powder. To prevent the recoil of a barrel capable of carrying an ounce ball, fired by two and a half drachmas of powder, its thickness must be so great that its weight would

be overwhelming to the soldier; but if you reduce the weight of the lead to half an ounce, and give it, moreover, a conical shape, employing only one and a half drachms of powder, you may obtain the thickness of barrel requisite for preventing recoil without making the weight inconveniently great. The shooter will then never, at the critical moment give a disturbing contraction to his muscles to prepare for the recoil, for there will be none. To smallness of bore attach two other great advantages, in the reduction of the space occupied by sixty rounds of ammunition to one half, and the weight of this in the same proportion. The soldier will only have forty ounce weight in ammunition to carry instead of seventy-five—a matter to the overloaded man of no slight consequence.

The stocking of the gun is even of greater importance. The stocks of ours are such in length and bend that the shooter must extend his *left* arm as far under the barrel as he can reach, in order to support it. The muscles of the strongest arm in this position, deprived of all auxiliary support from the side of the body, cannot be constrained to perfect quiescence during the three or four seconds thereafter necessary for adjusting the aim and holding in the breath to prevent pulsation of the blood. The consequence is, that the track of the ball from a rifle thus stocked can never be absolutely relied upon; and we do not believe that there is a rifle-shooter in existence who would succeed in placing twelve balls upon one another, at a distance of one hundred yards, from such an instrument as ours; whereas with an American stock the feat would be nothing very uncommon. In order to secure good and certain shooting, the stock ought to be very short and very much bent, so that the *left* arm may be fixed as closely as possible to the *left* side and rest on the *left* hip, the left hand supporting the gun just under the trigger-guard without grasping it. In this position, the muscles of the left arm can be immovably fixed during the necessary moments; and the butt of the gun being pressed against the upper part of the arm (instead of upon the shoulder, as with ours), and a fitting scroll-guard being adapted to the clutch and to the support of the three fingers, and under part of the right hand, the fore finger can then be brought upon the trigger at the critical moment, without a muscle of the rest of the hand being moved.

When a man has a rifle stocked in this manner, and of which the thickness of the barrel is sufficiently great to prevent recoil, and consequently the intrusion on his mind of the very idea of it, he soon finds that he can rely upon it with almost absolute certainty. He then, and then only, can adapt the sight to the peculiarity of his own eye; and whenever, after the few trials necessary for ascertaining this adaptation, he subsequently shall find, on any day, that he is not shooting well, he is able to attribute with certainty the fault to his eye itself on that day; and, after a few shots, to make the necessary allowance for correcting his shooting.

If the public desires that instruments shall be put into the hands of its defenders which will enable nine out of ten of them to put ball after ball into a mark the size of a hat, at 250 yards

with unerring certainty, those instruments must be such as we have now described. No others can be used so as to do it. They may be rifles most certainly, and good enough *when fired from a rest*, but they never will and never can have an absolutely certain effect when fired from the arm. That is out of the question. And if the public should insist on this, it must lay its account with even stronger than usual opposition from our "military authorities;" for the proper position of a man who is to fire a properly-stocked rifle is very different from what they enforce in the drill-yard, and will be most unsightly to their eyes. The base of the body must be enlarged as much as possible by widening the legs to give stability; and the body must not be drawn up straight, but the left side of it forced over to the right, and the whole upper part, as it were, huddled together—an appearance very repugnant to the "military eye," accustomed to see "the men" set up like posts. Nevertheless, men with proper rifles, and permitted to place themselves in the proper position for using them effectually, will kill five of the enemy for one they will kill with the instrument they are likely to have, and forced to use in the inconvenient manner imposed by the present drill. And they will, moreover, lose of their own number an incalculably smaller proportion. For if, of two bodies of 1,000 men each, engaging at 300 yards, the one shall destroy 200 of the other in the first five minutes, the risk which each man runs of being hit in the sixth minute is reduced from ten to eight, and in the twelfth minute from eight to six; and when it is considered how very valuable a being, in every sense of the word, an English soldier is—that he not only is, morally, an honor to human nature, as is shown by the beautiful letters which these noble souls write to their wives, and parents, and friends; but that he, and every one of his comrades, has cost at the least £300 before he raises his weapon in our defence, it does seem worse than preposterous, it seems even criminal, to refuse him a weapon that would double and treble his chance of returning to gladden those fond hearts at home for which his own is beating so faithfully and so warmly, all the time he is exposing his own life to protect ours.

The Russians are now getting up sixty battalions of rifles, and as the model of the stock we here propose is that already used, as we know, by some of their hunting-tribes, we conclude it is the one they will adopt for their army. If they do, and if we adhere to our present model, their efficiency will be, *ceteris paribus*, much greater than ours, which means, when such an instrument as the rifle is spoken of, that they will destroy many more of our men than we shall of theirs. God forbid.

NO MORE RANCID BUTTER.—Wild recommends that the butter should be kneaded with fresh milk, and then with pure water. He states that by this treatment, the butter is rendered as fresh and pure in flavor as when recently made. He ascribes this result to the fact, that butyric acid, to which the rancid odor and taste are owing, is readily soluble in fresh milk, and is then removed.—*Journal of Industrial Progress.*

From The Spectator, 9 Dec.

REPORTERS FOR THE ENEMY.

GRAVE objection has been made to the publicity which the press has given to the movements of our forces in the East, as supplying information to the enemy; and in reply two excuses are advanced,—the effect which the exposure has had in quickening reinforcements; and the probability that the same information, transmitted to this country in thousands of private letters, would ultimately reach the enemy though the press were silent. Nor is this last supposition so unsubstantial as to the uninformed it might look. We do not hesitate to express our firm belief that a direct communication does exist between the private society of this country and the Emperor Nicholas. Although the spy plays a part in melodrama, he is a person also of real life. You may meet him in society, and most probably you have met with him. He belongs to all classes. There is not in this respect much distinction between Governments; our own, for anything that we know, employs spies; indeed, our strongest suspicions on that point are not of very antiquated date, although they do not relate to the Aberdeen Cabinet. The spy, however, is a dangerous tool; he is not unfrequently the servant of both sides, betraying both—sometimes the servant of all sides, betraying all. We do not speak from *a priori* guessing, or from dramatic propriety, but from some knowledge of facts; although it is a subject in which it is absolutely impossible to handle the truth satisfactorily in a newspaper. It may, however, be illustrated by a few incidents.

English readers have heard of Powell the Chartist spy, with his predecessors Oliver and Edwards. There are Powells in other countries. Not long since, two gentlemen were visiting a foreign city, and one of them, looking through a glass at the back of the carriage in which they were driving, saw sitting at the back a man who had previously dogged their steps. On discharging the driver, they reproached him with winking at the espionage to which they had been subjected; and the man excused himself by saying that he could not help it—he was under police orders. The spy, who had heard the travellers talking such sentiments as are most usually uttered in English, afterwards came to them, confessed that he was a spy, but averred with tears and passionate exclamations that he was really of the Democratic party, and that he compensated for his odious service in the pay of an Imperial Government by rendering the same service gratuitously for his own party! Here was a Continental Powell in the service at once of the Home Office and of the Chartist Committee of those parts! He is a low specimen of the domestic spy; let us look higher.

In 1848, there were for a time more than one Revolutionary Government, more than one *dépôt* of distinguished refugees who sought refuge in neutral territories. At that time spies of a higher order were active; but to what cause was that man attached who bore messages between Revolutionary leaders in the most distant coun-

tries, was in confidential intercourse with Democratic sympathizers here, was seen simultaneously in our own Foreign Office, and could with impunity and ease traverse the dominions of Austria? Which party had the exclusive confidences of such a man? Such cases, and they are not singular, prove the direct intercourse between society in different countries.

Take another example. Not long since, a foreigner came to London, and exchanged visits with other foreigners, all of them professedly democratic in opinions, most of them refugees, in somewhat different grades of society, but certainly none of the poorer orders. Every visit thus exchanged was known in a continental city within a few hours; and the circumstances compel us to connect that fact with another, though the capital to which we have just referred was neither St. Petersburg nor Moscow.

Some time since, we have heard it reported, there was at the court of the Emperor Nicholas a man remarkable for the utterance of extreme democratic opinions. Now Nicholas has always been a monster fancier, and his affabilities are exhaustless for a capricious Italian singer, a fast and reckless-tongued French horn player, or a tray native American judge. The democrat we have in our eye, however, was nothing else than a real Russian. He was favored by the Emperor, though disliked by others; but so substantial was the protection shown, that once when the democrat and a Russian Prince fell out, it was the Prince that found himself in prison—not the democrat. So far we speak only on report, and at this point we lose sight of that Russian democrat. But the man was not singular in his genus. Russian democrats are to be found from Tobolsk to Cincinnati. There is scarcely a capital in Europe where democrats are to be found—and we know of no exception to the remark—in which Russia is not represented. But, we say, there are different classes of refugees, and comfortably feathered must be the nest of that democrat who never wants a friend, or a bottle of champagne to give him; who mixes in the most liberal parties, and is hand in glove with circles in the best society—*ami de la maison*—recommended by all the graces of a romantic position, the frankest profession of picturesque opinions, familiarity with *bienséance*, and that which lends vitality to all companionable qualities, a purse that removes every difficulty.

We have not exhausted our facts, but we have, perhaps, said enough to establish the possibility of direct communication between the very heart of private society and any imperial government whatsoever; Russia, however, notoriously enjoying that pre-eminence in the development of the spy and secret agency system which the wealth, the activity, and the duplicity of her Autocrat command.

A pregnant fact has been mentioned in the Melbourne Council—10,000 acres of land have been brought into cultivation around the Digings in one year.